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ONE PENNY.



PROFESSOR ANDERSON AND HIS DAUGHTER IN THEIR ANTI-SPIRITUAL SEANCE AT ST. JAMES'S HALL. (See page 362.)

THE EXECUTION AND CONFESSION OF MULLER.

At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Sir George Grey, who had arrived in town from Northumberland, returned an answer to the memorial presented to him, praying for a respite of the convict Muller, by the German Legal Protection Society. Previous to the delivery of his decision he had had a long conversation with the Lord Chief Baron Colclough and Mr. Baron Martin, which terminated in his arriving at the conclusion that the memorial did not warrant his interfering with the verdict of the jury. The following letter was forwarded to Mr. Beard, the solicitor in the case:—

"Whitehall, Nov. 12.

"Sir,—I am directed by Secretary Sir George Grey to acknowledge the receipt, on the 10th inst., of your letter and its accompanying memorial and other documents on behalf of Frau Muller, a convict under sentence of death in the gaol of Newgate, and to express to you his regret that, after considering the statements therein contained, and comparing them with the report of the evidence given at the trial, and after full communication with the learned judges before whom the proceedings took place, he sees no ground which would justify him in advising Her Majesty to interfere with the due course of law in this case.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, H. WADDINGTON—Thomas Beard, Esq."

Immediately upon the receipt of the above, Mr. Beard, with Alberman Wilson, proceeded to communicate to Muller the result of the efforts that had been made on his behalf. They were received by Mr. Jonas, the governor of Newgate, who conducted them to the condemned cell. They found the prisoner engaged in writing. He immediately rose, and extended his hand to Mr. Beard, who asked him how he was. The convict said "I am very well." Mr. Jonas then informed the prisoner of the efforts that had been made to save his life, and that Mr. Beard had just received a reply from the Secretary of State, which he read to him. At the conclusion the convict said, in a low voice, "I did not expect anything else." Mr. Beard then said to the prisoner, "Did you know that any efforts had been made on your behalf?" The prisoner replied, "Yes, I did think so." Mr. Beard then said, "Have you any statement that you wish to make?" The prisoner, "No, nothing." "Because," continued Mr. Beard, "now that all has been done that can be done for you, and there is no hope in this world, if you have anything to acknowledge, you had better do so." In reply to this Muller said, "I should be a very bad fellow if I had done it. I have no other statement to make than that which I have already made." Mr. Beard then asked him if he had made his peace with God. The prisoner said, "Yes;" and in every respect appeared resigned to his fate. Mr. Beard then shook hands with him, and said, "Good-bye, Muller; God bless you!" The prisoner returned the pressure of the hand, and was left to himself.

Muller rose early on Saturday morning, and ate a hearty breakfast; he afterwards employed himself in writing, it is supposed to his relatives in Germany. During the morning he was visited by the Rev. Mr. Walbaum, of the German Chapel, St. James's, and by the Ordinary of Newgate, the Rev. Dr. Davis. The sheriffs, Alderman Besley and Alderman Dakin, also visited him in the condemned cell, and earnestly exhorted him to make use of the short time that remained to prepare for the great change that awaited him. Muller, though somewhat affected, maintained his usual collected demeanour, and still declared his innocence.

The prisoner on Sunday attended Divine service in the chapel, both in the morning and the afternoon, and listened apparently with deep attention to the discourse delivered by the Rev. Mr. Davis, the Ordinary. He was visited in the evening by Dr. Walbaum and Dr. Cappell.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXECUTION

Although the evidence that was adduced in support of the allegation that the prisoner was the murderer of the unhappy gentleman who was so cruelly deprived of life, was considered, not only by the counsel for the prosecution, the learned judges, and the jury, to be of the most conclusive character, the culprit, both before and after his conviction, and indeed down to the very moment when, it may be truly said, he was standing on the brink of eternity, persisted on every occasion that presented itself to declare that he was innocent of the crime. This did not have the slightest effect upon those who are accustomed to observe the conduct of criminals, and the pertinacity with which they adhere to statements, which, upon the face of them, are evidently untrue, when they expect thereby to escape the dread punishment of death, although no doubt many of the public gave credit to Muller's assertions. It was particularly noticed that in all the statements made by the culprit as to his being innocent, they rather amounted to an assertion that he was not guilty of the crime of murder than to an assertion that he was innocent of the crime of which he had been convicted. The impression produced upon the mind of Dr. Cappell, a German Lutheran minister, attached to the German Church in Great Alie-street, Goodman's-fields, who has been almost constantly with the prisoner, was that this was the feeling entertained by the prisoner; but he was staggered occasionally by the earnest manner in which Muller declared his innocence. The Rev. Mr. Davis, the ordinary of the gaol of Newgate, who was also in frequent communication with the prisoner, repeatedly exhorted him to speak the truth, and not to go out of the world with a lie in his mouth, and said that by doing so he was not only offending against man, but against God, and to this exhortation the prisoner made use of the remarkable answer, "Man has no power to forgive sins, and, therefore, it is no use to confess to him." Upon another occasion Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Dakin also impressed upon the prisoner that there was no hope for him in this world, and that he ought to endeavour to make some statement to society for his crime by telling the truth, but he only replied, "I am innocent."

Dr. Cappell, who took a deep interest in the culprit, appeared to have formed the opinion that he was most sincere and earnest in his prayers and religious exercises, and he considers that he was not at all to be considered in the light of an ordinary murderer; and he formed the opinion that the offence was unpremeditated. With this view, upon one occasion when the prisoner stated that he was innocent, he replied that possibly he considered he was not guilty of the crime of wilful murder, because he had been tempted by the sight of Mr. Briggs's watch and chain to contemplate the offence of robbery, and that the unfortunate gentleman met his death during a struggle, and after blows had been exchanged, and that he either fell or was pushed out of the railway carriage. To this the prisoner, who was evidently somewhat off his guard, replied that he believed the affair to be something in that manner.

While upon this part of the subject it may be remarked, that although an attempt was made by Mr. Sergeant Parry at the trial, on behalf of the prisoner, to show that he was physically incapable of committing the act of murder—in point of fact the culprit was an exceedingly muscular young man, with an extraordinary breadth of shoulders, and his hands were remarkably large and powerful, so much so as to excite the particular attention of Dr. Cappell. There can, therefore, be no doubt that he was physically perfectly competent to overcome any resistance that might have been offered by the deceased gentleman, particularly, as is surmised, the prisoner rendered him nearly unconscious by a sudden violent blow before he attempted to rob him.

Dr. Cappell was with the prisoner a considerable portion of Sunday. Muller was present at the service in the chapel both in the

morning and the evening, and appeared to pay great attention to the discourse delivered by the ordinary, the Rev. Mr. Davis, but there did not appear to be the least indication of his giving way. The Holy Sacrament was administered to the culprit at his own request, by Dr. Cappell; but it is painful to relate that even this solemn ceremony had no effect in softening the prisoner, who still persisted in asserting his innocence, or rather in denying his guilt. Dr. Cappell, in the course of the evening, urged him most earnestly to speak the truth, remembering that he was upon the brink of eternity, and that he must shortly appear before his God, to whom all secrets were known, and he earnestly urged him, for the sake of his hopes hereafter, to speak the truth; but all was of no avail, and the reverend gentleman, who appears to be an unaffected pious, and a humane, excellent man, left the prisoner under the influence of a most painful feeling of doubt and uncertainty with regard to his wretched charge, but hoping that by God's providence he might still be brought to a due sense of his condition, and that he would, if really guilty—of which he did not feel himself justified upon the facts in entertaining any doubt—that he would still confess his crime.

Up to Sunday night Muller preserved the same quiet, firm demeanour, and although he occupied some of his time in writing, he did not lie down till considerably after his usual time, and slept but little. He rose at five o'clock on Monday in good spirits, and was soon afterwards joined by the Rev. Mr. Davis, the chaplain of the gaol, and the Rev. Mr. Walbaum. He in every respect appeared calm and resigned to meet his fate. He joined devoutly in prayer with the rev. gentlemen, and otherwise conducted himself in a manner becoming his awful position. A little before seven o'clock he was visited by Mr. Jonas, the governor of the gaol, to whom he extended his hand, and feelingly thanked him for the kind attention he had received since his incarceration. Calcraft arrived at six, but was not recognised by the mob, and thus escaped the usual boobying.

Although the fixing of the scaffold was completed by four o'clock, still the clang of hammers in putting up barriers continued till day had dawned.

At five o'clock a heavy drenching rain set in, which had the effect of driving the majority of those who during the night had taken up positions, from their strongholds, and to hastily beat a retreat to the now open public-houses and coffee-shops, as well as to other places offering anything like shelter. At this time there could not have been more than five hundred people actually upon the scene. But at six o'clock the rain abated, and from this time the crowd was recruited by an increasing flow of new comers.

At six o'clock the main body of police, under Mr. Inspector Duddy, was stationed at the approaches to, and in the Old Bailey, and preserved throughout the morning in the strictest order.

Soon after seven o'clock, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Besley, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Dakin, and the Under Sheriffs, Messrs. Davidson and De Jersey, arrived at the Sessions House, where they remained till summoned to the prison by the governor. About twenty minutes to eight they were informed that the condemned man would soon leave his cell. Upon receiving this intimation, these officials left the Sessions House. Upon crossing the courtyard, on the way to the subterranean passage leading into the prison, it was appalling to hear the wild hubbub of the excited crowd beyond the massive stone wall of the yard. This, however, was but of short duration, for upon entering the tortuous passages the uneasily, discordant uproar without was no longer heard. Passing for a short distance along these narrow tunnels, which are lighted by gas lamps, not a word was uttered by any one. Slowly passing onward through several doors, they emerged into a series of winding passages formed of thick stone walls on either side, and enclosed above by stout, thick-set iron bars, through which the damp, grey atmosphere of the early morning came with chilling effect upon all present. It is here that associations of all that is dreadful culminate in the mind of the visitor, for under the rugged, uneven pavement beneath, in shells full of quick lime, are buried the bodies of all the murderers who have been brought to Newgate. It is a place of dread even to the gaolers themselves, who are, as may be supposed, stout-hearted fellows, but who, nevertheless, cannot pass along these lonely passages without glancing fearfully at the roughly-carved initials, on the walls, of those who are buried beneath. Passing through here, they next reached the cemetery of murderesses, which is similar to the one described above. A few minutes after this, the procession reached the door which opens into the chapel-yard. Here they awaited the arrival of the culprit.

THE EXECUTION.

While the officials were on their way from the Sessions House to this spot Mr. Jonas had gone to the cell of the prisoner, and informed him that it was time for him to leave. The prisoner, who was deadly pale, trembled with emotion, but sought to bear the awful announcement with all the fortitude possible. He rose up, shook hands with the gaolers who had been principally with him since his incarceration, and with a firm and rather quick step left his cell, accompanied by Mr. Jonas, followed by two or three other officials. As soon as they left the cell the shouts and cries of the thousands outside resounded with painful effect upon the Sheriff and others awaiting the arrival of the prisoner. A few minutes afterwards, the culprit, by the side of Mr. Jonas, walked with a firm step across the chapel-yard, at the gate of which the official party were in waiting. He was deadly pale, and upon arriving at the gate seemed to stare first at one and then at another somewhat with an air of bewilderment. For a few moments, during which scarcely anything was said, every one appeared deeply impressed with the awful occasion, and, judging from their demeanour, to some degree sympathised with the trembling, pale-faced youth who stood in their midst. In this interval the dismal tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell re-echoed across the yard, adding greatly to the solemnity of the proceedings. The Under-Sheriffs then led the way, followed by the Sheriff, the culprit, and Mr. Jonas, and the Revs. Messrs. Davis and Walbaum, who also joined the prisoner at this spot. They passed out of the chapel-yard into the prison, and after traversing several passages, reached the "bread," or "press-room." This is a cleanly-scrubbed kitchen, which, with snowy-white dresser and table, and its blazing fire, presented an aspect of comparative comfort that seemed to mock the dreadful fate of the wretched man, who was told to "sit down" on a stool placed there for this purpose. Previous to this Calcraft, the common hangman, had deferentially entered this room, and had straightway proceeded to a cupboard, which, when opened, disclosed a number of straps and buckles, like those to be seen in a harness-room. He took down some of these, necessary for pinioning the culprit, whom he pounced upon the moment he was seated, with an alacrity that astonished and startled the lookers-on. In less than a minute he secured the prisoner's arms, and then requested him to "stand up." In obedience to this request Muller rose, and quietly submitted to the process of pinioning, keeping his eyes all the time fixed upon the ground, as if regardless of what was being done—in other words, he impressed one with the idea that his thoughts were elsewhere. He, however, was once distracted from his deep reverie by the hangman, who in strapping one of his arms to his side pulled with such violence that it appeared to hurt him, and he cast his eyes first at Calcraft and then at his wrist, but said nothing. His body having been bound, the act that completed this dreadful process was that of taking off his neck-cloth. The hangman unbuttoned his coat, snatched at it were the neck-tie from the prisoner's neck, and thrust it into his breast, then laid up his shirt collar. During the whole of this time the culprit did not move a nerve, but continued to appear totally heedless of what was being done, yielding

to the rough handling of the executioner by perceptibly swaying to and fro. The pinioning being completed, the culprit was told he might sit down. He made the attempt to do so, but the straps with which he was bound seemed to prevent him, so that he retained a perfectly erect position. Dr. Cappell, who was much affected, then stepped forward, took the prisoner by the hand, and uttered some prayers in German in the most impressive manner. The prisoner appeared to pay marked attention to every word he uttered, now staring him with a somewhat vacant expression fell in the face, now casting his eyes up, and fixing his gaze upon the ceiling and occasionally responding "Amen" in a low voice. The reverend gentleman then left him for a few moments, all the while the prisoner with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and motionless almost as a statue. Again Dr. Cappell went to him, and in German earnestly entreated him to say whether he was guilty or not guilty. To his solicitation he almost in a whisper replied, "I am innocent." The reverend gentleman still persevered, and in a low whisper exhorted the prisoner to confess. This he continued to do for some eight or ten minutes, during which the prisoner vacantly stared him full in the face, and sought by great effort to check his inward emotion.

Dr. Cappell then retired, apparently in despair of making the culprit confess his crime. Directly after this the signal was given for the solemn procession to move on towards the scaffold. Calcraft then placed himself by the side of the wretched man, who turned round and was about to walk away, when he suddenly checked himself, and, slightly bowing to the officials, said "Good-bye," and then proceeded with a firm step along the passage, hung on either side with black cloth, which led to the door opening on to the scaffold. Directly the procession began to move the bell of Newgate boomed forth the knell of the man fast approaching death, and scarcely had the echoes of this died away than the buzzing murmur of the excited crowd without penetrated the very walls of the prison, which bespoke in terms unmistakable the eagerness of that tumultuous multitude to witness the dying struggles of the notorious Muller. This movement on the part of the crowd in immediate proximity to the gallows imparted its significance with lightning speed to the crowds in the distance, who instantly raised the cries of "They are coming," "They are coming," "Hats off," "Hats off." At this moment the most intense excitement and confusion prevailed, in the midst of which terrible din reverberated the echoes of the solemn knell, which, from its increased rapid tolling, indicated that the mournful procession had gained the steps of the hideous, cloth-draped gibbet. A moment afterwards the common hangman made his appearance on the scaffold, and then withdrew to see that all was right. He had no sooner disappeared than Muller, accompanied by the Rev. J. Davis, chaplain, and Dr. Cappell, followed by other officials, made his appearance. This was a signal for the renewed excitement and clamour of the swerving multitude, who had largely, and as it were imperceptibly, increased, and whose upturned anxious faces met the gaze at all points.

The culprit ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and placed himself under the drop. He cast his eyes once upon towards the beam, and his lips quivered with emotion, but this he evidently sought to check. After the cap had been drawn over his head and the rope put round his neck, Dr. Cappell took hold of his hand and again prayed with him. This he did for some minutes, and concluded by addressing the following words to the now fast dying man:—"In a few moments you will be before your God. I ask you, for the last time, are you innocent or guilty?"

Muller: I am innocent.

Dr. Cappell: You are innocent?

Muller: God Almighty knows what I have done.

Dr. Cappell: Does God know that you have done this deed?

Muller was silent.

Dr. Cappell: I ask you now, solemnly, and for the last time, have you committed this crime?

Muller: Yes, I HAVE DONE IT.

Almost at the same instant, and while the words were upon the lips of the wretched man, the drop fell, and Muller died without a struggle.

Dr. Cappell nearly fainted.

Immediately after the execution the sheriffs despatched a communication to Sir George Grey, informing him that the culprit had confessed. A similar communication was made to Sir R. Mayne, at Scotland-yard.

After Calcraft had accomplished his work and the interval of an hour had elapsed, the under-sheriffs, the governor of the gaol, and other officials stationed themselves at the foot of the ladder to perform, or witness the performance of, the remaining duties which the sentence of the law imposed on them. The body having been cut down, it was placed in a shell by Calcraft and an attendant. The gaol surgeon, Mr. Gibson, then came forward and proceeded to ascertain if life was extinct. He raised the eyelids and felt the pulse, and pronounced that Muller was dead and that the law had been satisfied. The corpse was then stripped, and the shell which had conveyed the body from the scaffold to the interior of the prison was then filled with quick-lime in order to produce rapid decomposition. The coffin and its contents were then deposited in the gloomy corridor, where so many other great malefactors had been deposited before. The initials, "F. M.," will alone mark the last resting-place of him who in the fulness of youth and strength has been sent to his last account amid execration that, now his guilt had been confessed, will be as wide as it is deep.

FURTHER DETAILS.

In the vestry of the chapel afterwards Dr. Cappell gave some account of what had passed between him and Muller. He said the man's conversation made an impression of innocence, but he always had a loophole whereby to escape. Dr. Cappell told him so, and said, "Let me tell you I don't consider you a murderer, but if you have had any hand in the deed I think it must have been because of a sudden temptation to take that man's watch, and in the course of the consequent struggle he fell out, or you pushed him out of the carriage. Is not that what took place? God only knows, but I believe you had a hand in it." Then Muller never answered, and Dr. Cappell says he could not therefore come to the conclusion that he was innocent. Both Dr. Cappell and Mr. Davis seem to think that Muller believed that, as Mr. Briggs was not dead when he left his hands, and as Muller did not strike the death-blow, therefore he did not murder him. This was the loophole by which he evaded all the questions put to him as to his innocence or guilt. Dr. Cappell says the confession implies that Muller smothered Dr. Cappell. During the last interview in the cell, Muller smothered Dr. Cappell, who says his conduct was most devoted and affectionate, thankful beyond measure to all those in the prison who had been about him. "But," adds the doctor, "the hope of life was so strong in him that he had made up his mind not to confess until the very last minute." And we have seen that he did not.

It need hardly be stated that the tardy confession of the prisoner was most satisfactory to all the officials present, and doubtless will also be so to the public, and a notification of the fact was immediately forwarded by the sheriffs to Sir George Grey and Sir R. Mayne. It would no doubt have been an opportunity for the culprit to have satisfied himself if there had been an opportunity under which the crime given some details as to the circumstances under which the crime was committed; but after the excitement that has been occasioned by his denial of his guilt, and the endeavours that have been made to establish his innocence, the fact of his having distinctly admitted that he, and he alone, committed the crime is satisfactory.

The crowd that was assembled, although large, undoubtedly was not so great as was anticipated; and this was probably owing, in a great extent, to the weather, it having rained

almost without intermission the whole of Sunday night. During the Sunday the vicinity of the goal presented a very extraordinary appearance, the Old Bailey having been crowded by persons, some of whom appeared to be in a respectable position of life, who were eagerly and curiously examining the preparations for the execution, and the door of the prison from which the prisoner would be brought to the scaffold. The question has often been mooted whether it would not be advisable to change the day of execution at Newgate from Monday to Tuesday, in which case it would not be necessary to commence any of the proceedings in connexion with the erection of the scaffold until Monday, and thus the desecration of the Sabbath which at present takes place would be avoided, as there would be nothing unusual to attract the attention of the public on that day. An alteration of this character was carried out a few years ago at Horseferry-lane, the county goal for Surrey, and there does not seem to be any reason why the same thing should not be done at Newgate. The scaffold on this as on previous occasions was hung round with black cloth, so that when the drop fell very little more than the head of the culprit was visible.

The following despatch was immediately after the execution forwarded to the Home Secretary:—

"Gaol of Newgate, 14th day of November, 1864.

"To the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart.

"Sir,—By direction of the sheriffs I have the honour to acquaint you that the prisoner Muller has at the last moment, just before the drop fell, confessed to the German minister of religion attending him that he was guilty of the deed for which he suffered.

"I have the honour, &c.,

"SEPTIMUS DAVIDSON, one of the under-sheriffs."

At a sitting of the Court of Aldermen, held on Tuesday, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Dakin informed the court that Mr. Jones, the governor of Newgate, handed to him and his brother sheriff, Mr. Alderman Besley, on Sunday, a statement written by the late convict Muller. This statement they had retained strictly private until they had got the decision of the court upon the subject.

Mr. Alderman Wilson referred to the letter which had appeared in the papers, signed by the Rev. Mr. Battiscombe, of Blackheath, and wished to know by what means and by whose authority that gentleman had been admitted to the prison.

Mr. Alderman Copeland said that he, as visiting magistrate, had given the necessary authority, but did not think that the minister could have published what took place between himself and the prisoner.

The question, upon the motion of Mr. Alderman Sidney, was eventually referred to the committee for further discussion.

UNPROVOKED MURDER.

An extraordinary murder has taken place at Hatcham. The man charged with the crime, Richard Havelan, was formerly a soldier in her Majesty's service, but latterly he was employed as a labourer on the South London Railway, now in course of construction, and his unfortunate victim was a person in the same employ, named John Gillespie. The facts were detailed in evidence taken before Mr. W. Payne, coroner for Southwark, at an inquest held on the body of the deceased at Guy's Hospital on Saturday evening. Richard Newman, 5 Britannia place, Hatcham, said that the deceased lodged with him. He was thirty-five years of age. A man named Richard Havelan, a married man, lived, with his wife, in a room in the same house. On Saturday week a man named Baily was sitting drinking beer in the lower room, when Havelan and his wife came in. Witness offered Havelan a glass of beer, when Baily said, "No, he shall not have any, for it is my beer and the landlady's." A quarrel ensued, and Havelan struck at Baily, who in return hit Havelan and knocked him down. The deceased entered the room, and sat down at the window, taking no part in the quarrel. Havelan cried out, "My jaw is broken," and took up the poker to strike Baily, but it was taken from him. The quarrel then ceased, and Havelan and Baily shook hands and drank together. They were both partly under the influence of liquor. Twenty-five minutes afterwards the deceased and Baily, who were sitting close to each other, fell asleep. Havelan walked round by the fireplace, and went close to Baily and the deceased. He stood talking in that position to his wife for five or six minutes. The witness then noticed that his arm rose and fell three times rapidly, and the heads of deceased and Baily were both covered with blood. The witness's nephew snatched the poker, which Havelan had taken up, from him, and Baily jumped up and struck his assailant. The deceased was carried up-stairs, where he lost a great deal of blood, and Dr. Anderson had to be sent for in less than five minutes. The deceased kept his bed for three days. He then went to work for two days; but he had to go to the hospital, where he died. He had been in good health before. Eliza Newman gave corroborative evidence. Edward Baily, a labourer, said that after the quarrel described by the first witness had been made up he fell asleep, with his head next that of the deceased. He was awoke by a terrible blow on the head, and he found Havelan with the poker in both hands striking at him. The witness's head was cut open. It was stated that the poker was bent by the force of the blows inflicted with it on the heads of the two sleeping men. Mr. B. Reynolds Bay, house surgeon, said that deceased was brought to the hospital paralyzed and unable even to speak. He died from the result of injuries inflicted upon his head by means of a blunt instrument. Police-constable Weaver, 377 F, said that on Sunday week he heard of the occurrence, but deceased would not give the prisoner in charge. A week later witness tried to arrest Havelan, but the latter and his wife had fled. Where they were could not be ascertained. The Coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of "Willful murder against Richard Havelan." The coroner then issued his warrant for the apprehension of the accused on the capital charge.

LOSS AND RECOVERY.—A very remarkable instance of the loss and part recovery of a purse of gold has just occurred at the village of Staveley, about four miles from Knaresborough. The wife of Mr. John Fryer, a farmer residing near the village, placed a purse, containing £42 10s. in gold, inside of a sack of oats in one of the farm buildings, thinking it would be safer there than if left in the house during their absence at Knaresborough market. A sack of oats was sent a day or two afterwards to grind at Mr. Poppleton's mill, at Staveley. The oatmeal was returned in due course to Mr. Fryer's, and while one of the servants was taking some out of the sack he was much surprised to find two sovereigns. He could not account for the unexpected discovery of gold among the oatmeal, until he ascertained from inquiry that the sack containing the purse and the gold was the one that had been sent to the mill. On going to Mr. Poppleton's nothing was known of the matter beyond the fact of its being noticed that the oatmeal was much worse to grind than usual. A search was, however, at once made in a waste tub in the mill, the contents of which are usually given to pigs. There nine sovereigns were found, and, like those in the oatmeal, they had undergone the process of grinding, and were as large as a halfpenny piece. The purse, containing seventeen sovereigns, was found uninjured. The remainder of the money was not found, but it may yet be recovered, as there can be little doubt that it all passed through the mill.—*Leeds Mercury.*

MORE HORRORS.—HORRIBLE MURDER OF A FOREIGNER.

LAST week the headless body of a man was found in the reeds on the north bank of the reaches of the river marshes at Silvertown, between Blackwall and North Woolwich, one of the most lonely spots in the neighbourhood. The body, which was discovered by a boy and a man out shooting, is believed to show that the deceased was murdered. The body is that of a foreigner of between twenty and twenty-five years of age, and the middle rank of life. It was clothed in good black cloth trousers, hessian boots, and socks. The buttons on the trousers bore upon them the mark of "G. Graepel, Hamburg." The shirt, which was somewhat worn, bore the initials, "O. B. 6." There were no braces or drawers. The body from the abdomen upwards was perfectly bare, the right arm resting on the breast. All the fingers had been eaten away by the water-rats. The left shoulder-bone also bore indications of the gnawing of the water-rats, but in all other respects there were no indications whatever of decomposition or decay. The mud upon the boots was quite moist, and to all appearance the corpse was that of a man who had only ceased to breathe for a few days. The trunk of the body where the head was discovered presents a most ghastly appearance. The first blow, either with a hatchet or other sharp instrument, failed to accomplish its intended effect, leaving only a gash upon the neck, but the second blow was apparently delivered so decisively that it severed the head from the trunk with the cleanness of a guillotine. The height of the murdered man, from the measurement taken from the spot (minus the head), would appear to have been 5ft. 5in. The only property found upon the body was a farthing and a scrap of paper. The blood on the neck was quite fresh. A portion of clotted blood and brains was found in the immediate neighbourhood of the river, where the body was discovered, and this, with the rushes by which it was surrounded, were put together and preserved for the inquiry before the coroner.

A Mr. and Mrs. Kohl, residing in Hoy-street, Plaistow, identified the clothes of the deceased as being those belonging to a former lodger of theirs, Theodor Fahrhop. To Inspector Nightingale Kohl stated that when the deceased came to him he had plenty of clothes, but no money. Mr. Richardson asked Kohl what he had done with the clothes? Kohl replied that he had pawned them. Mr. Richardson asked where? Kohl said he did not know. Mr. Richardson asked whether he had ever seen any of the duplicates? Kohl said he had not. Mr. Richardson said that if Kohl knew that the deceased had pawned his clothes, he (Kohl) must know what had become of the duplicates. Kohl said he did not; that when the deceased came to him he had no money, but plenty of clothes. Mrs. Kohl stated positively that the last time she saw deceased alive was on the morning of Thursday week, and Kohl asserted the same thing with regard to the time when he last saw the deceased. A young man, named Henry Lee, stated that he last saw the deceased and Kohl pass the oilworks at Plaistow at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the Thursday, and that when he went home to dinner on that day Kohl was there. Kohl said that he had been to London with the deceased, and that he had lost him in Ratcliff-highway. Upon this evidence, Inspector Nightingale ordered the apprehension of Kohl.

Kohl (who is described as a Dutch sugar baker) and his wife, a young English woman, were examined at the Stratford Police-court, on the charge of having murdered the deceased. The deceased, who had recently arrived in England, lodged at the prisoner's house in Plaistow, and was known to have money and a good stock of clothes, which he had prepared for the purpose of proceeding to New York. The male prisoner informed the police that the deceased accompanied him to a sugar-house, in the locality of the Commercial-road, on the Thursday morning, and that when he came out the deceased was gone.

There was no evidence against the prisoner's wife, and she was discharged.

The head of the body, buried a few inches under the earth, was found about thirty yards from where the corpse was discovered.

On Saturday, at noon, the prisoner Karl Kohl was brought upon remand before the magistrates at Ilford.

The prisoner Karl Kohl was placed at the bar on remand charged with the murder of the German whose name is ascertained by the police to be Theodor Fahrhop. The prisoner is about five feet four inches high. He appears to be between thirty and forty years of age, and has dark hair and eyes, no whiskers or moustache, but a stiff beard trimmed close. His countenance evinced a remarkable degree of firmness, the mouth being much depressed. He watched the evidence as it was given with marked attention, and, although by no means a well-looking man, he appeared to be a person of considerable intellectual powers.

Sergeant Bridgland stated that he had noticed that the boots and trousers of the deceased were very dirty. On the morning of the 10th I proceeded (he continued) in company with several constables to search the place where the body was found, and about forty-five feet from the spot I saw a quantity of blood mixed with water in a ditch. About the same distance from that spot I found the wooden handle of a hammer, which I now produce. (The handle in question was similar to a rather large sized hammer used by carpenters.) The witness also produced a pair of shoes which he had received that morning from a witness, Zutch, and which would be identified as the shoes of the deceased.

Inspector Goode, of the Thames police, stated that it was necessary to place on the depositions the name of the man Jones, who pointed out to him the spot where the head was found, because some suspicion rested upon him.

Mr. Terry: What was the appearance of the earth in the hole?—Witness: It appeared as if pressed down with the feet to give it the same appearance as the ground close by. (The prisoner at this statement heaved a deep sigh.)

A witness, Zutch, in reply to the Chairman, said that he had seen the head on the 10th instant, and identified it as the head of the deceased man, Fahrhop. He had likewise seen the trunk and the clothes, and he could recognise the latter articles as belonging to the deceased.

By the Chairman: The prisoner came to my house on the day of the murder, and said, "I was up in London, and the other man was with me in the Commercial-road." The prisoner said that he went into the iron sugar-house there, and left him at the public-house. When he went back the deceased was gone. The landlady said to him, "The man was gone." The prisoner told witness that he then went home.

Chairman: How came you to ask the prisoner these questions?

Witness: Because I had missed the deceased, who had slept four nights at my house. He did not board with me, but the prisoner Kohl introduced deceased to me after he (deceased) had left Mrs. Warren, with whom he had been lodging. He came to me because his bed there was not ready for him.

Chairman (to the prisoner): Do you wish to ask this witness any question?—Yes, sir. I have two witnesses to prove that the time is wrong, and the witness has made a mistake as to leaving the man inside. I left him outside, and told him so.

Mrs. Warren said: The prisoner was not present when I gave up a watch and other articles to the deceased; but he was present when I saw four sovereigns and 7s. 6d. in deceased's hands when he came to settle with me. I am sure the prisoner saw it, and he said, "if he changes one of those sovereigns he will not have enough to go to New York with, and he is one of my best friends." I said, "Well, Charley, if he is a friend of yours, if he can't pay me, you ought to pay it for him."

Prisoner: When he opened his purse he had only 7s. 6d. in it, and not four sovereigns.

The husband of the latter witness said: I identify the remises as those of the young man who lodged with me by the name of John,

He called to settle with my wife on a Monday night. I could not see any money, but heard it rattling. There was a dispute, and I went out and fetched the sergeant in.

Chairman: Do you wish to ask this witness any question?—Prisoner: Was Butcher, my friend, in the room?—Witness: No, he was not in the room; but came in afterwards.

Mary Ann Wade said: I am a married woman, and reside at No. 4, Hoy-street, with my husband. We lodged with the prisoner. I recollect Thursday week, the 3rd of November. The prisoner on that day left home about half-past nine o'clock. The young man John went with him at the same time. Mr. Kohl (the prisoner) came home by himself at about one o'clock, or a little after. I let him in. I said to him, "Good gracious, Charley, where have you been to in the mud?" and with that he went into the yard, and brushed the mud off. He asked me where his wife was.

Chairman: What state was he in?—Witness: The back of his coat, the elbows, and the trousers were muddy. He asked me where his wife was, and I said she had gone to the mangle. He went out into the back yard, and brushed the dirt off his clothes. He had asked me to lend him my chopper. I forgot when he borrowed it, but I took it out of my kitchen on Friday morning, the 4th inst. He used to borrow the chopper to chop wood with, and sometimes he would keep it for two or three nights together. I did not use the chopper on the Thursday, nor was it out of my possession until I gave it to the police.

Eliza Whitmore, of No. 4, Hoy-street, Plaistow-marah, Essex, said that she and her husband occupied the back room in the prisoner's house. She recollects Thursday, the 3rd inst. About half-past nine o'clock the prisoner and deceased went out together, but at one o'clock the same afternoon the prisoner returned alone. She saw him brushing his coat in the back yard. He went out again at half-past one. The deceased was missed, as they were going to Germany together. The prisoner returned, and witness asked him if he had found John, and he replied "No." Witness asked him if he would go to Germany if John did not return, and he then took a small poker up-stairs, when he said, "John will never come back."

By the bench: Had seen the deceased on the day before the murder with £4 10s. in his hand.

The chopper was here handed to the Chairman and examined by the other magistrates, who could easily detect that the paint had been put on but a few days.

The Chairman said that they could not then go farther with the case, and adjourned it for a week.

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER AND SUICIDE AT VIENNA.

A LETTER from Vienna, dated the 8th, says:—"Yesterday morning, at a quarter past four o'clock, a stranger, who had a young lady on his arm, demanded a room in the Hotel Zellinger, in the suburb Wieden. The porter declared that for the present there was no nice room disposable, but if he stopped some time in Vienna he would get the next vacant room. The stranger thereupon said that he had just come by the express, and felt very cold, and any room would do for him. Thereupon one on the third floor was opened to him. He asked for coffee, but the porter excused himself that at that early hour he could not supply it. The stranger then locked the door. At eight o'clock a great detonation was heard, and before any one could approach the door another report was heard. The chambermaid was called with the pass-key, but the door could not be opened, as a heavy body on the ground barred it inside. After being forced, a frightful sight presented itself. Before the door lay, on the ground, the still breathing and blood-covered body of the stranger in convulsions; and at three steps' distance, upon the ground, lay the corpse of the girl. Between them lay a double-barrelled pistol with the recent marks of having been fired. On the table was a single-barrelled pistol, loaded with ball. The girl was beautiful, dark, and about twenty-eight. She had on a white opera wrapper, a nice Scottish shawl, and a yellow cotton dress dotted black. No papers were found on them. The gentleman was elegantly dressed. He was clean shaven, had black hair, and was from twenty-six to twenty-eight years of age. He had a paleot and check trousers. In his portemonnaie were florins 3.16 (about 7s.). No card indicating his name, but two directions—one to a private gentleman in Wag-street, the other to a merchant named Gobdier, in Josephstadt. In his pocket were, besides, a few lozenges and a phial of perfume. It is supposed that the stranger must be a native, otherwise he would have chosen a more known hotel. Besides, his shaving himself showed that he wished not to be recognised. It is supposed by the reporter that the stranger must have shot the girl unawares whilst she had her head turned in the opposite direction, for the ball came out through her forehead, and then he applied the second barrel to his chin. The ball killing the girl was found in the bed. The room was covered with blood. The doctor and magistrate examined the bodies, but found no marks of violence. The corpses were transported to the hospital for dissection. The affair makes a great noise here."

DESPERATE ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—On Saturday night, about half-past seven o'clock, John Potter, aged twenty-three, a groom, residing at Thringstone, in Leicestershire, attempted to murder Sarah Ann North, in the market-place of Whitwick. It appears that Potter had kept company with North for several years. During this time he had been very unsteady, and often had struck and shamefully treated the girl. About twelve months ago she afflicted a child to Potter, who neglected to pay the allowance granted by the magistrate. On Thursday North went to Ashby-de-la-Zouch to take out a warrant against Potter for arrears of payment; but, being too late, did not obtain one. Potter heard of this, and on Saturday night came up to the girl and said, "This is a nice thing for you to take out a warrant against me, after we have kept company so long." She replied, "I have not taken out a warrant against you; and if I had done so it would not be my fault. I can't afford to keep your child, and my father and mother won't." Potter then waited North to take a walk down a dark lane leading out of the main street, but she refused. He said, "Well, if you don't have me, you shan't have anybody else." He then left her and went to borrow a razor of the woman who kept the toll-gate. Being refused one, he went into a barber's shop, and having laid hold on a razor ran out of the shop with it. North, in company with a female friend, was looking in the window of a draper's shop, in the Market-place, when Potter stepped behind her, put his arm round her head, pulled it back, and drew the razor first over her chin, then over her throat. North raised her arm, and released herself from his grasp, her knuckles being cut by the razor. Potter ran away. He called at the toll-gate, and told the woman he "had been doing something to Sal," and if inquiries were made about him she was not to say which way he had gone. When captured at Thringstone, by Police-constable Chaloner, he said, "Well, if I haven't done for her now, I will do." Potter was brought to Ashby Police-station on Saturday night, and was taken before Mr. Abney, the magistrate, by Inspector Ward, and remanded.

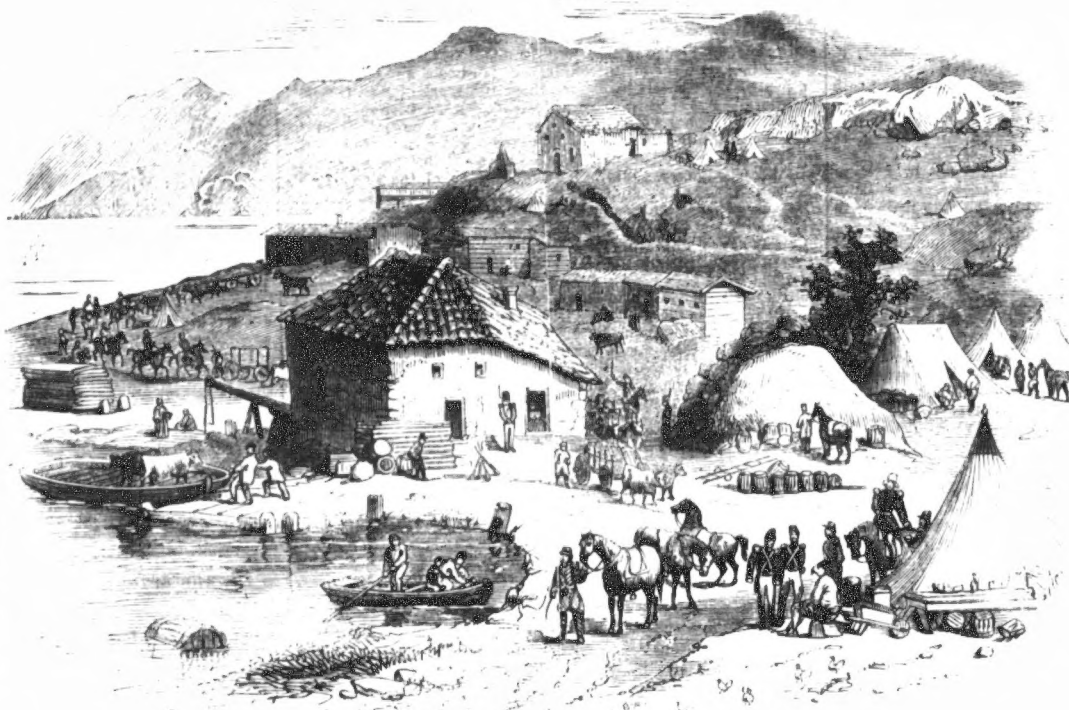
BURNINGMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 250 Agents.—Advertisement.

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SKETCHES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

We herewith give four sketches of different scenes or episodes of the American War: bringing up supplies to the Federal Army on the James River; the new litters for the wounded recently despatched from Washington; a scene in the camp of General Forrest; and the temporary hospital for the wounded in the suburbs of Richmond.

A recent letter from America, dated Nov. 2, says:—"The military situation presents the usual record of Federal defeat and disaster. To-day it looks worse for the North than it has for a long time. The election is too near at hand for any hopes of a military victory which will raise the Republican spirits. General Grant has again been guilty of the folly of dividing his army and making two attacks upon the enemy—one on the north, the other on the south side of the James—and he has paid the usual penalty. He has been defeated. The last mail steamer conveyed the first reports of the disaster, but with so much colouring from Stanton that few could discover the real result. Since then Stanton has sent no dispatches, and the truth has come to us through the ordinary news channels. On the north side of the James, Butler tried to get across the White Oak Swamp, and was driven back into Richmond from the east, by way of the Fair Oaks battle-field. He was defeated and driven back—his organization broken up, and the swamp his only protection. To-day he is in the Deep Bottom entrenchments, evidently satisfied with this latest experiment of the "flank" attack on Richmond. He lost 600 killed and wounded, and 300 prisoners. The Confederates report that they lost but twenty-five, among whom, however, was Brigadier-General Dearing. On the south side of the James, Meade made an attempt to move across the country from the Weldon Railroad and capture the Southside Railroad. To give him enough troops for the attack—for Grant now has comparatively a small army—the long lines of Federal entrenchments in front of Petersburg were evacuated, and all the baggage trains sent to City Point. From James River west



BRINGING IN SUPPLIES ON THE JAMES RIVER.

to the Weldon Railroad there was scarcely a Federal soldier. Of course, Lee concentrated his army to repel the attack, and for the moment this absence of the troops caused very little risk. Meade made his attack. Grant was with him. After marching about a mile the Confederates were found strongly entrenched. Several attacks were made, but no impression was made on them, and, seizing a favourable opportunity, Lee sent a body of troops upon a charge into an open space caused by the separation of two of Grant's corps. This settled the business—Grant was driven back to his old line. He lost 1,000 killed and wounded and 500 prisoners. It is reported that by some

was solid, and upon being struck gave out a dead, heavy sound. The petrification was so perfect that the pores of the skin were distinct, and the proportions of the form well preserved. The adjoining graves were dry, and the bodies in them had returned to dust.

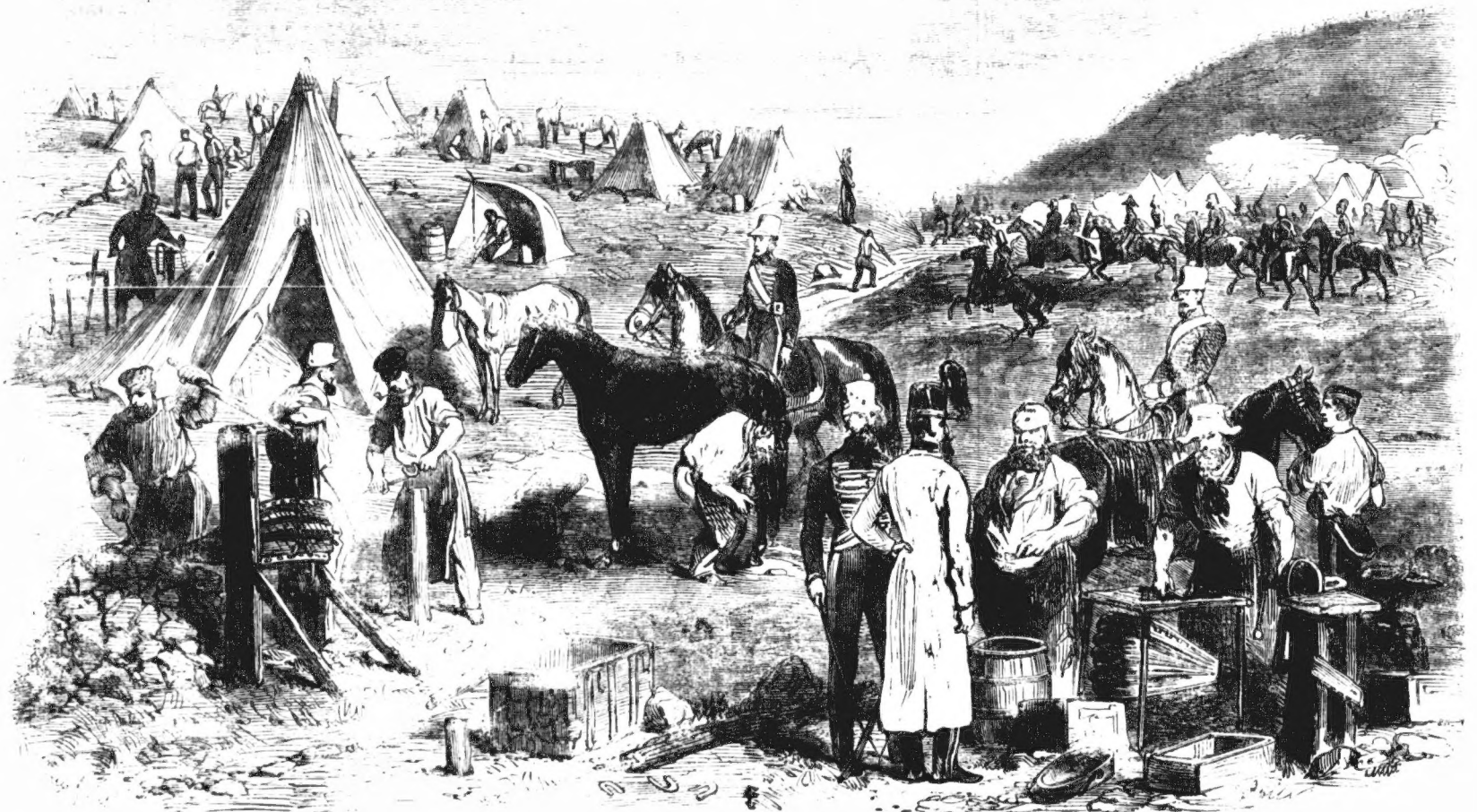
A letter from Calais states that a trial trip of the new French steamer Prince Imperial has just been made between that place and Dover. The passage across the channel was made in one hour and twelve minutes, being the quickest on record.

Mrs. Lincoln is about to put a representative recruit in the army.—*American Paper*

successful minor movements, he captured 400 Confederate prisoners. The result of the day's work was the loss of 2,400 Federal soldiers and a disgraceful defeat. Grant's campaign is over for the winter, and again Lee has shown himself an extraordinary general."

A FORTUNATE EMIGRANT.—Our Rathkeale correspondent writes:—"A man named Patrick Fitzgibbon, a native of Rathkeale, who emigrated to America some years ago in very embarrassed circumstances, returned last week with a large amount of wealth. After a short visit to his friends in the district, he at once called a meeting of his numerous creditors, and paid them all the full amount of their claims, with interest. He said he would not live in this country for any consideration, and has again taken his departure for the land of the stars and stripes."—*Limerick Chronicle*

PETRIFICATION IN THE GRAVE.—An American paper, the *Monongahela Republican*, states that, in recently removing the remains of the Mercer family from an old graveyard to Monongahela city cemetery, the body of one, drowned twenty-one years ago, which remained in the river for eighteen days before burial, was found in a state of petrification in a grave filled with water. The feet had fallen off, but the body had turned to stone; the head, which had also fallen off, was petrified, and the hair well preserved. The body



SKETCHES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—SCENES IN THE CAMP OF GENERAL FORREST.



SKETCHES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL AT RICHMOND. (See page 356.)

A FEARFUL MURDER AT BERLIN.

On the 19th of April, 1864, was found in that part of the Spree which is called the Oberbaum a sack containing a corpse, soon recognised as that of Professor Gregory. It was frightfully mutilated. The head alone had no less than twelve wounds. Five of these were stabs; seven had been made by some chopping instrument, and ran parallel, and these had been inflicted after the stabs. The skull was broken, the brains had run out, one of the eyes was cut through, and the cheek entirely shattered. For a fortnight all endeavours to find out the perpetrators of the deed proved vain. At length, on the 2nd of May, a tailor named Botzel, living at 20, Oranien Platz, gave notice that on the 17th of April (the day Gregory was first missed) he had heard loud noises in the cellar immediately under his lodging. The police hurried to the spot. After a close examination traces of blood and human brains were found on the walls, bedstead, and floor. There could be no doubt that some person had here met his end; there was little doubt that this person was Professor Gregory.

The inmates of this cellar were the very scum of society. Louis Grothe, Marie Fischer, the widow Quinche, and Roskamm, a carman. The first three have just been tried on the charge of having murdered the professor; Roskamm with having guiltily concealed stolen property. Roskamm was acquitted. The widow Quinche is known to have been punished for various offences. In her younger days she had been a regular prostitute, and even now, as the old sinner half-smilingly informed the court, she was not averse to receiving visits from gentlemen. Marie Fischer is a young woman of twenty-five, earning the wages of shame, and Louis Grothe (son of the widow Quinche by a former husband, or rather lover), a lost character, living on those gains. His younger brother, Hermann Grothe, was called before the court only as a witness. For this poor lad one can only feel the greatest pity.

The question naturally arises, How did Professor Gregory come into this company? What induced the well-educated man, the polished gentleman, who possessed connexions and friends in the highest classes of society, there to risk his reputation? At Rosenberg, who appeared for the prosecution, said it was in order to perform some work of humanity. Others are of a contrary opinion; that he went there in a moment when he forgot himself. The ascertained fact is that on the evening of the 17th of April, in consequence of an arrangement made by the deceased, with the

widow Quinche exactly a week previous to this date, Gregory appeared in the cellar. Grothe, Marie Fischer, and the widow Quinche were there to receive him. Entering the largest of the apartments, he seated himself on a sofa between the two dissolute women, and bade the boy Hermann fetch something to eat and drink. Gregory opened his portemonnaie and gave the lad some money. According to the declarations of Herrmann, which bear the stamp of truthfulness, Louis Grothe now left the room, and stationed himself in the adjoining chamber, which was dark. Here he ordered his brother to bring him some schnaps. On Herrmann's return, Louis Grothe inquired, "Has the gentleman much money about him?"—"Yes, a great deal," was the reply. "Well, go into the street and play," added Louis Grothe, and locked the door as soon as the boy had left. The witness also stated that there had been a talk between Louis Grothe and Marie Fischer of taking away Gregory's watch. Marie Fischer promised Louis Grothe to do so as soon as the proper moment had arrived. The wretches were now alone with Gregory. To give an exact account of all that now happened is impossible. One can go only by what the defendants related themselves, and these not seldom contradicted each other.

Marie Fischer stated that after she and the widow Quinche had been some time with Gregory in the sitting-room (if one may call it so) the deceased rose from the sofa, and, saying that he had business to transact that evening, was about to leave. At this moment Louis Grothe rushed into the chamber, and struck Gregory on the chest with an instrument called a "spanner." (Grothe owns to this himself.) A struggle ensued. Stunned by the blows, Gregory fell back on one of the beds, while Grothe, with a sort of axe, now levelled blows at Gregory's head, "as if he were chopping wood." "Well, Louis, is he dead?" asked the widow Quinche. "Yes, mother." "Then it's well. If he rises we are betrayed."

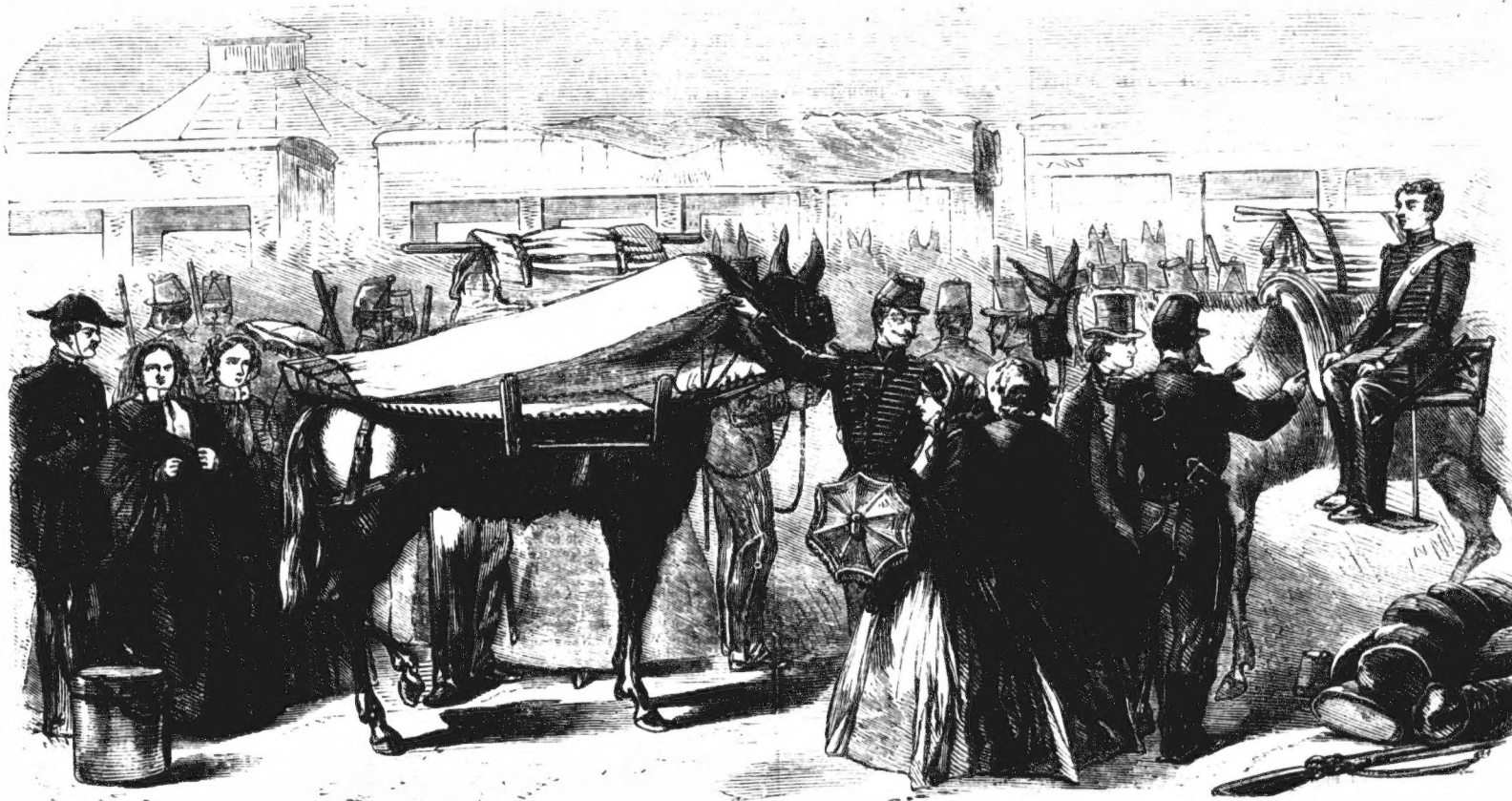
That the wounds with the knife as well as the bruises on the chest were made by Grothe is known. His mother, as well as Marie Fischer, agreed in this, the only difference in the evidence of these two persons being that the one charged the other with having handed the chopping-knife to Grothe. Marie Fischer's evidence, however, is undoubtedly correct. With regard to the wounding only one point remains to be cleared—who dealt the stabs. This question it has been impossible to answer.

Let us now see in how far the two women were guilty of having taken part in the murder. Marie Fischer herself owned that she laid hold of Gregory. She adds, however, that she did so in order to

draw him away from Grothe. But she denied for a long time being present at the murder. Why, if she had only assisted Gregory, did she not immediately own to having been present? Why did she not call for help; or the next day give notice of the deed to the police? And what did she mean by the words she said to one Reuter, "I have a deep secret with Grothe, and would betray him, did I not fear to bring misfortune upon myself?" The conclusion was drawn that Marie Fischer laid hold of Gregory not to assist him, but Louis Grothe. The picture of the horrid deed, the core, is:—Grothe, out of the adjoining dark chamber, watches the three persons. He sees Gregory rise. No more time is to be lost. Grothe rushes into the room; he attacks the deceased with the spanner. Gregory, stunned, falls back, Grothe and Marie Fischer both being occupied with the professor. Widow Quinche is the only one whose hands are free. She hands the knife to her son. The deed is done. In a moment the dark figures are bending over the spoil. The clothes are stripped off the bleeding body. Marie Fischer takes the wedding-ring from the corpse's finger, and soon after makes a grim joke that "she is married now!" The last article of value is taken off, the corpse is shoved under one of the beds, and covered with a cloth. With an energy inspired by the dreadful necessity of great haste, but also with great coolness, Widow Quinche scrubs the floor and washes the wall. Her eye falls on one of the fingers chopped off from Gregory's hand. She takes the member up, and, wrapping it up, sticks it in her pocket. The room is again in tolerable order. The murderers have only to get rid of the body. The streets are all still, the corpse is shoved into a sack, and transported by Marie Fischer and Louis Grothe to the Spree. With shaking knees, trembling arms, beating bosoms, oppressed souls, and hasty side looks of fear, they drop the burden into the water. The last act of that night's drama is performed.

In defence of Grothe two points were raised; that he had taken spirits, and that he was irritated at the familiarity which Gregory showed in his behaviour to Marie Fischer. But the blows were well aimed and struck regularly; that Grothe could not have been jealous for a woman like Marie Fischer is clear. The jury at the trial which has just taken place, returned the verdict of "Guilty," and sentences of death was pronounced upon all the three prisoners.

A CHILD, eight months old, has just been smothered at Cambrai from a cat lying on it while asleep in its cradle.



THE AMERICAN WAR.—NEW LITTERS FOR THE WOUNDED LEAVING WASHINGTON. (See page 356.)

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ON

LORD MAYOR'S DAY,

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Whittington College,
Bow Church,
Whittington's House,

Old St. Paul's,
Whittington's Stone at High-
gate.

Drawn by W. H. PRIOR.

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES,

Illustrated.

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PORTRAIT OF MR. ALDERMAN HALE,

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PIZZARRO.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

DOUGLAS.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

THE ADOR'D CHILD.

THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

THE MAYOR OF GARFATH.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

THE INCONSISTENT.

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Tragedians,
MR. S. PHELPS and MR. C. KEAN.

Volume II will be ready for publication in a few days.

. The BRITISH DRAMA is also published in Weekly Penny Numbers.
London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES

M. W. L. E.

D.	D.	Sun rises, 7h. 27m.; sets, 4h. 4m.	4. M.	P. M.
19	s	26th Sunday after Trinity	5 25	5 47
20	s	Princess Royal born, 1846	6 9	6 31
21	s	Lord Clive died, 1774	6 54	7 21
22	s	St. Clement. Old Martinmas Day	7 52	8 28
23	s	Lord Lyons died, 1858	9 1	9 34
24	s	General Havelock died, 1857	10 7	10 38
25	s	Moon's Changes.—Last quarter 22nd, 7h. 17m. a.m.	11 12	11 40

MORNING.

Proverbs 17; St John 12

AFTERNOON.

Proverbs 19; 2 Tim. 3.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand
that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our
correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information
themselves.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to MR. JOHN DICKS
313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
News from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single
number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr.
Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's
Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly
requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-
carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be in-
dicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps
cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

To OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and
REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom
for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a
quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may
remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313,
Strand.

. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address.
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

C. F. (Lambeth).—Preaching in the locality named is a decidedly awful ob-
scurity, and the parties would be liable to a penalty if proceeded against.
The surveyor of the district is the proper person to apply to.

STUDENT.—The Royal College of Surgeons formerly stood on the site of
the new Session-house, Old Bailey. The College was removed to Lin-
coln's-inn-field, in 1800.

FITZ-JAMES.—The prefix of "Fitz" in proper names is derived from the
French "Fils," a son, from which the Norman word "fitz," with the
same meaning, is derived. Fitz-James means, therefore, the son of
James.

CORPORAL C.—The Duke of York's Column was built during the years
1830-33. The building fund, about £25,000, was raised by a subscription,
every individual in the service contributing a day's pay towards it.

SUBSCRIBER.—It was at the execution of Holway and Haggerty, at the Old
Bailey, for murder, in 1807, that thirty spectators were trodden to death.

ST. JAMES.—Charles Mathews first appeared at the Olympic Theatre.
B. N.—The last person executed at Tyburn was John Austin, in 1783.

PIZZARRO.—Mr. Henry Marton performed Alceste in Pizarro, at Drury
Lane, in 1839. Mr. Elton sustained the part of Hella.

A. R. N.—The seven years' absence of the husband, from whom no tidings
has been heard, would exempt you from the charge of bigamy; it does
not annul the marriage. Should the first husband at any time appear,
the second marriage becomes void.

H. L. M.—Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were both born at the Palace at
Greenwich.

M. P.—The House of Commons dates from 1176; that is, this is the date
of the first record having reference to the commons as an institution.

DUNCAN.—Yes. George III. and Queen Charlotte had a magnificent box at
the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham-court-road.

F. T. C.—Before the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were no poor-rates.
The poor were then supported by the Church. Henry VIII. stripped
the Church of its great endowments, from which it maintained the
poor.

C. O.—The first stone of Charing Cross Hospital was laid with Masonic
solemnity by the Duke of Sussex as grand master of the Freemasons,
on September 15th, 1831.

BESSIE.—Weyland Wood, commonly called Walling Wood, near Walton,
Norfolk, from a tradition that two children were there murdered by
their uncle, is supposed to be the origin of the ballad and nursery tale
of the children in the wood.

D. F.—The Haymarket is so called from its being the London hay market
up to as late a period as 1830, when the further sale of hay there was
removed to Cumberland-market, Regent's-park.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

It would be idle to deny that Muller's last words on the scaffold
have removed an anxious irritation from the public mind. This
irritation was not in any considerable degree a misgiving as to the
justice of the sentence and the guilt of the convict; it was rather
the irritation which honest men are apt to feel, not at listening to
the repeated praises of a good man, but at seeing a vulgar mur-
derer transformed into a martyr by spurious patriotism in search of
a cause and a hero. It may have been also perhaps that irritation
which, in a somewhat gloomy and monotonous society, the mere
incessant repetition of one name and one subject of conversation
cannot but cause at last, even under less favourable conditions than
those which an exuberant foreign nationality and a vast news-
mongering industry that requires constant flashing like a sewer,
have combined to produce in the present instance. For it is not
too much to say that Muller has been the nightmare of all
social intercourse in this unconventional country since
he ceased to be an ingenious ruffian at large. In Muller's
case a confession, at least until the rope was round his
neck, was certainly not to be expected. Simple gratitude to his
confiding countrymen, if not a feeling of delicacy towards a clergy-
man who expressed his earnest hope to meet him "at the right hand
of God," would be sufficient to account for Muller's constant though
cautious denials of his guilt so long as a single remote chance of
escape from the extreme penalty remained, and to the very last
moment he may well have counted upon many chances in his
favour. But that he has confessed is at least as sensible
a relief to those who felt convinced of his guilt as to
those who persisted in declaring that his death would be
a sacrifice; an expiatory sacrifice to a panic-struck public,
to a blinded police, and an unjust tribunal. It has been said
that the consummate fruit of all that we cling to and cherish as the
British constitution is to bring twelve men into a jury-box. It
would be well if in the sordid and squalid multitude that stood
panting with bloodthirsty curiosity at the gates of Newgate, there
were a few who perceived, under those ghastly trappings, and that
hideous apparatus, something more sacred and august than a gal-
lows and a hangman—perceived the awful presence of authority,
and the majesty of law, without which the whole order of society
would relapse into barbarism, and our boasted civilization sink
into savagery. But for the tolerable certainty that crime will be
detected and punished, what would become, this very day, of all
the treasures of the capital and centre of the world's wealth and
industry. There are countries, we believe, in which not long
ago a capital sentence was never executed unless an explicit con-
fession had been procured, and where the most refined tortures
were applied to the conscience of the criminal until it could be ex-
torted. In this country the official interrogation of a convict with
a view to make his life intolerable would shock the public mind
far more than his execution upon the honest verdict of a jury.
Still, while earthly justice is fallible, it must always be consolatory
to have a condemned prisoner's confession from his own mouth. It
disperses the shadowy cloud of suspicion, which seldom fails to
light on some innocent person, when such doubts have not been
quite cleared up. It is a testimony to the influence of religion in
lending its sanctions to the judgments of human tribunals, and
enables us to think of the last scene in a life cut short by crime
with feelings that must otherwise be suppressed. Yet it was not
until he stood on the drop, having received the Sacrament un-
shaken, and the rope was placed round his neck, that the iron
resolution of Muller yielded to the earnest appeal of the good
Lutheran clergyman who attended him to the very brink of another
world. Then, and not before, he unburdened his soul before God
and man with the words, "I did it."

For those who reflect on the history of the past few years, the con-
vention for the withdrawal of the French army from Rome will
appear as but the natural term of a series of events which have
led up to it. The Papal Government has had repeated warnings
that the occupation of its capital was only provisional, and could
not possibly be considered as a permanent measure which was to
endure for ever. Over and over again has the Papal Government
been given to understand that it was supported by a French army
to give time for enabling it to reconcile itself with the Italian na-
tion. Over and over again has it been intimated that the wishes of
the nation and the principle of non-intervention could not be
traversed except under highly exceptional circumstances, and as a
temporary and provisional expedient. But the Papacy would not
take any steps to reconcile itself with Italy, willing as Italy may
have been, and still is, to be reconciled and meet the Holy Father
half-way. For France to continue the support of its army,
by the permanent occupation of Rome, would, under these

circumstances, have been to make itself something worse than the tool of the Pope. The performance of such an office for ever in the face, not only of a perverse obstinacy, but even of an offensive contumacy and of repeated slights shown to a protector, but for whom it could not stand a day, would be to place France in a position which to Frenchmen, above all other people, would be most intolerable. Such a position would not merely be invidious but humiliating, and even ridiculous. It was time that the situation should change. The Emperor was placed in the difficult position of friend of two Powers—the temporal Government of the Pope and the Italian Government—both of them naturally antagonistic to each other. As his troops are to quit Rome he has asked for a guarantee from Italy that she will not go to her capital by force. Italy replied that she could have no difficulty in giving that pledge, as she never intended to go there by force. The Pope has two years to set his house in order and reconcile himself with Italy, and, after the expiry of that term, when the French army quits Rome, he will be at liberty to organise such a force of his own for the maintenance of his authority as he may deem expedient to do, and may be able to do. What he assuredly will not be at liberty to do is to allow bands of brigands to be organised and armed in, and sent forth from, his territories, to infest and desolate Italy, or to convert his altars into a refuge for these robbers and murderers when they flee from the hands of the avenger of blood across his frontiers.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—The chief and most important operation in the garden now is the mulching of the ground where possible, also in covering the surface with short dung and litter, as a protection from the cutting winds and frosts, and also to enrich the soil. The beds and pits in which have been grown cucumbers or melons will now be found of service in the forcing of asparagus. The roots should be three or four years old, carefully taken up, planted closely, and covered five or six inches with light soil. Look to mushroom beds, especially out of doors, and give additional protection by fresh straw and additional covering with matting. Use the hoe frequently between all growing crops of winter and other greens.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Attend to garden walks and edgings. Dahlias should now be all got in and prepared for storing. Keep tulips protected from heavy rains. Remember this is the best season for removing or laying down new turf, which should be well beaten. It is also the best time for taking up and replanting box-edging.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue pruning and nailing as previously advised.

TRAINING SHIP FOR ORPHAN CHILDREN.—We are happy to learn that the committee of the training ship for children and orphans of sailors and other destitute boys have received a reply from the Admiralty to their request to have a school ship placed in the Mersey, in which it is stated that the fine frigate *Indefatigable* will be sent round for that purpose, for which she is well adapted. The committee will commence operations immediately on the frigate's arrival, having already sufficient funds in hand and promised to enable them to do so. We hope that not only the merchants and shipowners, but the shopkeepers and tradesmen generally, will lend a helping hand to this institution, which aims primarily at benefiting those who have been deprived of their parents by the casualties of a seafaring life, and also, so far as the means will allow, boys generally in destitute circumstances. This institution will confer a benefit on the two generally, and is therefore deserving of the support of all classes of the people of Liverpool. We notice in the list of contributions some handsome sums from some of the shopkeepers and tradesmen, which we hope will serve as examples to others.—*Liverpool Courier*.

MASKED ROBBERS.—Three young men were apprehended at Wadley, a village near Sheffield, on a charge of committing a very daring robbery in that neighbourhood. The prisoners are named respectively Hutchinson, Chapman, and Bramhall, and the circumstances out of which the charge arises are briefly these:—On Saturday night while a woman, named Bibbs, who lives at Wadley, was in the house during the absence of her husband, a man with his face concealed by a mask suddenly entered at the open door. He seized her by the throat, threw her into a chair, and stood menacingly over her, and two other men, also masked, entered the house and went up into the bedrooms. Mrs. Bibbs, who was dreadfully alarmed on account of her children, who were in bed, attempted to get up, but the ruffian drew a clasp-knife and threatened to murder her if she made the slightest noise. The affrighted woman asked what the men wanted, and the fellow replied, "We want your money," and he then inquired for her husband's wages. She told the men, who were now together, that her husband had not drawn any wages, and earnestly entreated to be allowed to go up-stairs to her children, but the men refused, and the one who had the knife said he would cut her throat if she made any more noise. Her appeals were continued for some time, and one of the fellows remarked that if the eldest child awoke it "would not scream twice, as he would cut its head off." This scene continued for some minutes, and at last the men went off with all the money (a few pounds) that had been in the house, and a large quantity of wearing apparel, to obtain which they had ransacked all the drawers and boxes. The men compelled Mrs. Bibbs, upon pain of violence, to say that she would not leave the house for half an hour after they had gone. The robbery created a great sensation in the village and the adjacent town of Sheffield.

ESCAPE AND RECAPTURE OF A CONVICT AT CHATHAM.—A daring attempt to escape has just been effected at Chatham by a convict named Alexander, a man of most determined character, who is undergoing a period of ten years' transportation. It appears that Alexander, with nearly 1,000 other convicts, was employed at St. Mary's Island, Chatham, on the works now in progress for the enlargement and extension of the dockyard, and while so engaged, managed to slip away from his gang and conceal himself, with the intention of leaving the island, his absence not being immediately detected by the keepers, whose customary vigilance he contrived to elude. Immediately on his absence being discovered, measures were adopted to effect his capture, and a strong body of warders and convict keepers despatched to scour the island and adjacent places, while strong guards were posted to prevent his leaving the island. After a search of some hours the convict was at length discovered concealed in a remote part of the island, and endeavouring to hide himself beneath a heap of stones, when he was at once secured and conveyed back to the prison. His captors, however, would appear to have behaved with the most unjustifiable cruelty towards him, as on his being brought to St. Mary's prison he was found to be suffering from several wounds on the head and shoulders, evidently inflicted by the swords the convict keepers carry; in addition to which his back was severely bruised, as if from the infliction of violent blows. So serious were the injuries he had sustained that he was at once removed to the prison infirmary, and a report of the whole circumstance has since been made to the authorities.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

During the Emperor's stay at Lyons several deputations of traders of that city laid before him very melancholy representations of the commercial situation, and insisted particularly upon this—that the winter was likely to be a very trying one for the working classes if the American war should continue. According to a provincial journal, the *Union de l'Ouest*, the Emperor in his reply to the addresses said:—"Unfortunately the news from that quarter is bad. I have reason to think that this fatal war is by no means near its end."

The *Patrie* asserts that England intends calling upon the Powers to protest collectively against the capture of the Florida, and to support the claims of Brazil.

General Coffiers, Commandant of the Polytechnic School, has received the following letter from a former pupil, who, while setting an example, wishes his name to remain unknown:—

"General,—Some forty years ago, when I was at the Polytechnic School, my family was assailed by a reverse of fortune to such an extent that, notwithstanding the strictest economy, my mother (of cherished and venerated memory) was on one occasion unable to make up the quarterly payment for my board and education. Only one of my comrades was aware of my embarrassment, and he made a collection among the pupils and raised the required 250l. (£10) without divulging my name. The payment was duly effected, my mother was able to meet all subsequent claims as they fell due, and I pursued my studies with two imperishable reminiscences—of the benefit received and the debt due. I now approach the term of my career, but before the close of my life, which alone will limit my gratitude towards my contemporaries, I feel bound to pay my debt to that polytechnic confraternity in which such noble sentiments and generous deeds are perpetuated from one generation to another. With that view I send you 2,000l. (£80) praying you to employ them as you may think fit in aiding any of our young comrades embarrassed as I was, and who will remain unknown to me as I shall to them."

"Accept, my dear general, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration and my heartfelt thanks."

The general has communicated this letter to the pupils in an order of the day, and appointed a committee charged to make the best possible use of the 2,000l. so delicately offered.

VENETIA.

The *Perseveranza* publishes a correspondence from Venice, dated the 11th inst., stating that on the 8th inst. a band of insurgents attacked the Austrians at Andreis, near Maniago. Several Austrians were killed and wounded, among the former being a lieutenant. The insurgents had one wounded, who remained a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians. The correspondence further states that an engagement took place on the 10th in the district of Cornia, near Moggi, between the Austrians and insurgents.

RUSSIA.

Lord Napier received the principal English residents of St. Petersburg, who came to take leave previous to his quitting the post of British ambassador at the Russian Court. His lordship, in the course of some observations which he addressed to those present, said that if peace was preserved during the past year it was owing to the attitude of the English Ministry, who did not allow themselves to be carried away by the critical state of affairs. "The British and Russian Governments are both convinced," he said, "of the necessity of maintaining peace, and this has caused the great change in the feelings of England towards Russia. The relations between the two countries are now most satisfactory." Lord Napier hoped that a further improvement would take place, by the extension of commerce, between the two countries, by the development of the liberal tendencies of the Russian Government, and a more reserved policy on the part of that Government in the Eastern question.

His lordship further expressed regret that free-trade principles were not sufficiently acted upon in Russia, and hoped for a speedy change in the Russian commercial system.

AMERICA.

The *Charleston Mercury* says that "the ranks of General Lee's army are rapidly filling up, and the corps, divisions, brigades, and regiments, depleted by many battles, are assuming their former proportions."

Of Atlanta, the *Herald* says:—"Not only is there no foundation for the absurd report recently set afloat that General Sherman had abandoned Atlanta, but the place is not considered in any danger whatever. General Sherman has assured the Government that he will hold it in spite of all attempts to dislodge him. The rebels are active along the Tennessee river. A portion of Forrest's command, with three pieces of artillery, is reported to have sunk a steamer and a barge loaded with army clothing on that river on last Saturday. A small portion of them were attacked by Union cavalry on the same day and driven across the river. Forrest is said to have several thousand men at Jackson, Tennessee."

The Confederates were daily looking for an attack on Wilmington, N.C. Large fleets, they say, were assembling at Beaufort and Fortress Monroe.

The *Wilmington Journal* of October 22, says:—"What has been so long threatened and so much talked about seems to have come at last. The long deferred attack on Wilmington would appear to be at hand. We have good reason to believe, from information received, that an attack is imminent—may be looked for any day. The fleet is assembling both at Fortress Monroe and Beaufort Harbour, N.C. Such information is regarded as authentic by our military authorities, and they are extremely anxious, and, indeed, positively desire, that all non-combatants, and especially women and children, should be removed before an attack actually does take place. This is desired for their own sakes, and for the further reason that their presence would necessarily have the effect of embarrassing the defence. It is expected that all the men who remain will bear their full part in defending their homes and in repelling the invaders of our soil. Those who do not make up their minds in defence of their homes are expected to leave, as we presume little sympathy or favour will be shown any portion of the male population who remain here, and who do not array themselves in defence of the place. Those properly classed as non-combatants, who intend to remove in case of an attack, had better do so before the pressure of an actual attack is made, as then the difficulty of a removal may, and probably will, be insurmountable."

MODERN WAR.—Conceive a line of battle behind a breastwork, each man squatted completely out of sight, firing over his shoulders while, instead of exposing his head and hands to the advancing Confederates, he looks away from the enemy, and narrowly examines the stock of his own gun. Two little mirrors, scientifically placed at the proper angle, and attached to the stock, enable the soldier to see the signal on his barrel, and all that comes within range, without exposing any part of his precious person.—*Richmond Examiner*.

Tan coloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use. Hence their great demand.—(Advertisement.)

General News.

Le Sport, the great literary expatriate of the continent of high life in Paris, has, in its last number, a singular history of a novel capillary invention which extends to the canine species. In the *Belle Boulogne* a fair exequate can never be seen without her remarkable lapdog, and the same sumptuous law demands that the said animal should appear every day with a new and various colouring. An individual who, in fifteen years, made a rapid fortune, has discovered the means of giving colour to the hairy skin of animals, so that one day a dog has an outward green appearance, the next day blue, another violet, and so on. The health of the animal thus operated upon is by no means injured but, according to *Le Sport*, his temper is changed and corresponds with his particular hue. Thus, it is asserted, a red dye makes him capricious, a green enlivens him, chocolate tints render him gloomy and sorrowful, whilst blue has the power of exciting him to mischief.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Bristol Daily Post* states that a working man has, after twenty years' labour, at length solved the problem of perpetual motion. The secret may be laid for the trifling sum of £100,000.

M. AUBIN, the eminent composer, is seriously ill, and as he has passed his eighty-fifth birthday, his friends begin to be apprehensive that his vigour should not share the immortality of his works.

At the banquet given to General Todleben by the officers of the Royal Engineers, at Willis's Rooms, the distinguished Russian officer, who spoke in French, thus expressed himself, in reply to the speech of General Sir John Burgoyne:—"Gentlemen, I very much regret that I cannot explain myself in English, but I hope to remove this disability before my next visit to England. At Chatham, at Portsmouth, and at Plymouth I have been kindly shown the engine establishment and the fortifications, which have interested me in the highest degree. I have been everywhere received by the engine officers with peculiar amiability and cordiality, of which I shall ever preserve the most agreeable souvenirs. Allow me, gentlemen, to express my sincere gratitude for the great hospitality and for the cordial reception with which you have honoured me, and at the same time to propose two toasts—to the health of the sector of the military engineers of all armies, the very General Sir John Burgoyne, and the health of that very distinguished body, the English engineers."

Notes of the Week.

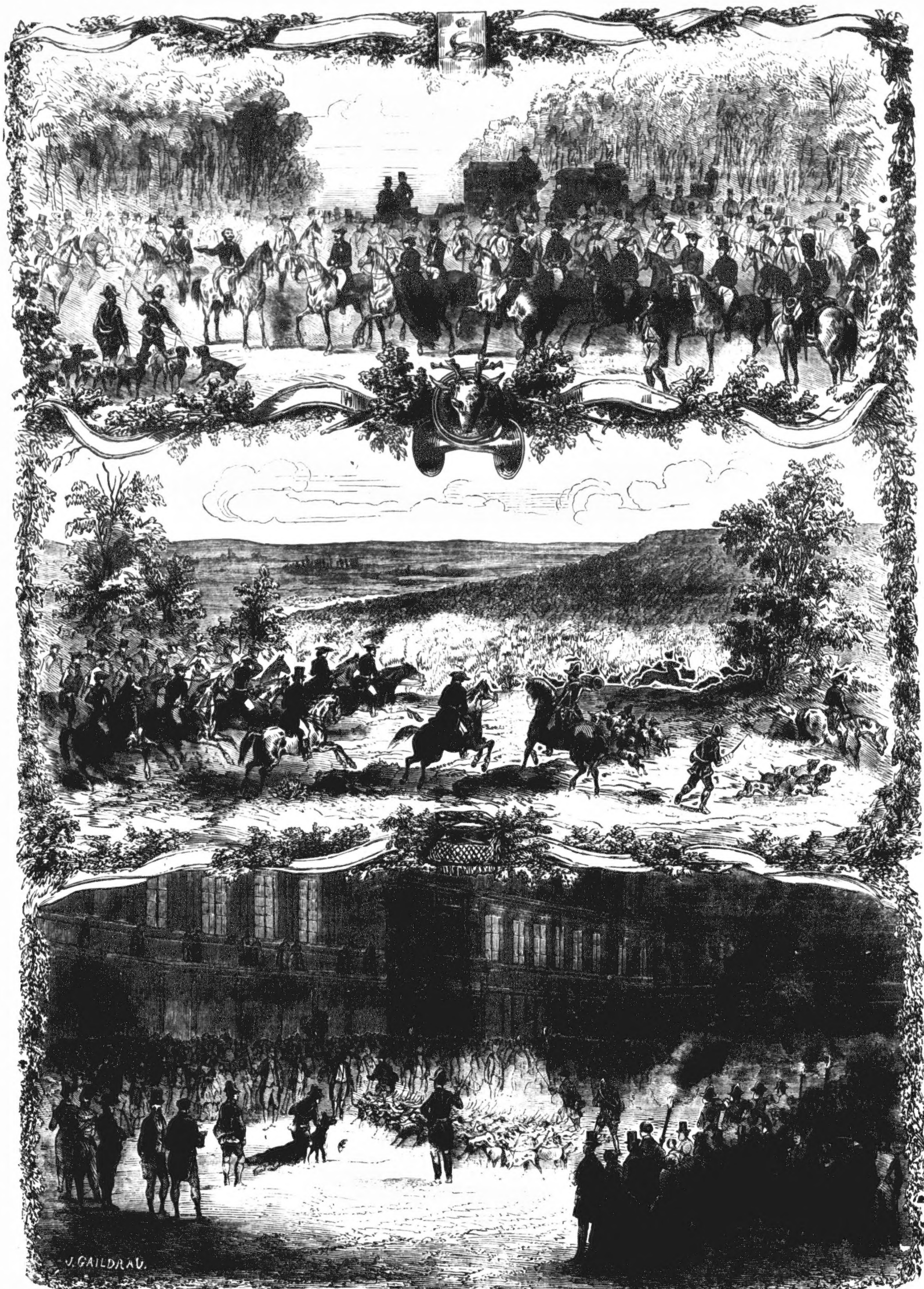
An inquest was held by Dr. Tanker on Saturday, on the body of a gentleman named William James Dunsford, aged forty-six, who had shot himself while in a state of furious mind consequent upon excessive overwork. The evidence proved that the deceased was the manager of a company, and was besides largely connected with several mining enterprises, in whose service he laboured with an earnestness and assiduity which overwrought his brain, and brought about the condition of mind in which he perpetrated the act of his death. He had been travelling night and day on business for some time, and had arrived home at six o'clock in the morning and gone to bed. Some time after, when his wife last saw him, he was still in the room, she heard the report of a pistol, a loud cry, and his husband lying on the bed shot through the head, with the pistol by his side. He had evidently reached the weapon from the place where he kept it loaded in the room. It was shown that he had some time since complained of his head and a brother of his had destroyed himself India. He had also been distressed on account of family reasons, but not very seriously, or in a money sense. All his accounts of trust were absolutely correct. The verdict was in accordance with the evidence.

On Saturday, at the Borough Police-station, Windsor, Ellen West, a ladylike person, about thirty-five years of age, was brought before Mr. W. B. Harris, the mayor, charged with obtaining two silk dresses, valued at about ten guineas, from Messrs. Bird and Allen, linendrapers, of High-street. The prisoner, up to the time of her apprehension, had been in the service of Lady Phipps, wife of Colonel the Hon. Sir C. B. Phipps, K.C.B., Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse, residing in Henry III. Tower, Windsor Castle. Holding this confidential position, she was much respected by Lady Phipps, who reposed great trust in her. West went to Messrs. Bird and Allen's, and it is understood, obtained two silk dresses under the pretence of their being purchased for her mistress. She, however, on leaving the shop, proceeded to a pawnbroker named Risher, in Thames-street, for the purpose of raising money upon the goods. Mr. Risher immediately made inquiries, and having ascertained the manner in which the dresses had been obtained, the woman West was apprehended at the residence of Sir Charles Phipps. The arrest of the prisoner on such a serious charge led to a searching investigation being made into her conduct of late, and it was then discovered that she had pawned articles of the greatest value belonging to Lady Phipps at various places in London and elsewhere. Among the articles so stolen and pawned, it is understood, are some jewellery and a valuable Indian shawl, a present which her ladyship had received from the Queen, valued at upwards of 100 guineas. The prisoner has been remanded for a further hearing.

A FIRE took place on Monday in the premises of Mr. Infrea wine merchant, No. 11, Haring-place, High-street, Stratford. The flames reached the premises of Mr. Hughes, a basket maker, No. 13, who succeeded in getting out, but returned to get his family out, and was not seen afterwards alive. The Royal Society's escape quickly attended, and the conductors were informed that all had escaped, and although they searched the adjoining house and found no one, it was subsequently discovered that Mr. R. Franker, one of the inmates, had perished. His body was found lying on the floor. The premises were burnt on, and considerable damage done to the adjoining premises.

An inquest was held on Monday in the Vestry-room, Fountain-court, City, on the body of an infant child which was found in the vaults of St. Botolph's Church, having been placed there by the Rev. John Hunt, curate to the Rev. Mr. Robertson, incumbent. From the evidence it appeared that the rev. gentleman gave Walter Porthall, the steep-keeper, a shilling to buy a saucepan, which Porthall thought was intended to boil the corpse in. Horrified at the idea, he told the incumbent and the churchwardens, which ended in the infant corpse being taken possession of and the inquest being held. Mr. Hunt tendered himself for examination, and treated the charge of boiling the child with scorn. He said he was fond of scientific inquiries, which he believed had a direct bearing on theological truth; and a medical friend of his, knowing his tastes, had presented him with this fetus—for it was no more—for the purposes of dissection. This was clearly proved to be true by the evidence of the accoucher who had delivered the mother and made the present to Mr. Hunt; and the jury being satisfied of the facts returned a verdict that the child was still-born, but recommending Mr. Hunt to confine his attention for the future to studies bearing more directly on his sacred profession.

ARTHUR GRAMMER'S POCKET TIMEPIECE, warranted to denote Solar Time correctly, 61. post free. Agents wanted for Ladies' and Gents' New Patent Paper Collars and Cuffs in every variety, at 1s 6d., 2s 6d., and 4s 6d. per gross; sample parcels forwarded on receipt of references. Factory, 368, High Holborn, W.C.—(Advertisement.)



THE FETES AT COMPEIGNE.—THE ROYAL HUNT. (See page 362.)

**WARREN STORMES HALE, LORD
MAYOR OF LONDON.**

THE usual characteristics attendant upon Lord Mayor's Day were duly observed on the 10th November. Mr. W. S. Hale, the new Lord Mayor, whose portrait we give, has long resided in the City of London, his place of business being in Queen-street, Cheapside.

As member of the Court of Common Council for many years, and as an alderman during the last eight, he has taken a conspicuous and creditable part in the business of the corporation, and a keen interest in public affairs. He served the office of Sheriff of London in 1851, and was elected, in 1856, a member of the Court of Aldermen for the Ward of Coleman-street. At one time or other he has been chairman of the principal committees of the Common Council, and has, at length, been raised to the dignity of chief magistrate, in the regular order of rotation.

The liverymen convened in Guildhall elected him with scarcely a dissentient voice; and, although it is the invariable custom on such occasions to submit to a show of hands the names of all the aldermen who are eligible for election to the mayoralty, there was not one among his brethren of the Court of Aldermen but would have been sorry to have been chosen in his stead.

On introducing Mr. W. S. Hale to the Court of Exchequer, at Westminster, the Recorder said: I have to introduce to your lordships the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, who, according to ancient custom, presents himself to your lordships to announce his election to the high office to which the favour of his fellow-citizens has raised him. Many have been the worthy men who in successive years have appeared in this court to make a similar announcement, but there have been few who could look upon the distinction conferred upon them as the reward of more substantial services rendered to their fellow-citizens than the present Lord Mayor. His career affords us signal proof of how much real and lasting good may be done by a single individual, by quiet, patient, and persevering effort in the sphere in



WARREN STORMES HALE, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

which Providence has placed him. Left an orphan at a very early age, he had his own way to make in life without the advantages which they only who have enjoyed them can fully appreciate. Engaging in commercial pursuits, he, by the application of the discoveries of chemical science to an important branch of manufacture, succeeded in winning for himself a high position in the commercial world. The character which he acquired for integrity and intelligence naturally led to his being selected by his neighbours and fellow-citizens for various offices of public trust, and though his time was very much occupied by his own private affairs, he felt that, living as he did in this happy land, which enjoyed the many and incalculable benefits arising from self-government, the public had claims upon him which it was impossible for a good citizen to ignore. He was for many years an active and most useful member of the Court of Common Council, and his influence in that court was employed in inducing them to found a school for the maintenance and education of those who, from his own experience, he knew peculiarly to need help, and the Freeman's Orphan School one of the best of its kind, owes its existence to his persevering efforts. But, while schools for the education of the poorer classes in this country had multiplied, he saw that there was one class for which little provision had been made, and he was one of the first to perceive the mischief which was likely to arise from employers being a less educated body than the employed. He had indeed been the pioneer in a cause which is now engaging the attention of thoughtful men—I mean that of a middle-class education. At his instance, and under his advice, the corporation were led to found the City of London School, over which he has watched for above twenty years, where, at an almost nominal expense, hundreds of the children of the middle classes in this metropolis receive an education which, judged by its results, whether seen in those pupils who enter at once on the busy scene of active life, or those who proceed from the school to our ancient seats of learning, may well bear comparison with the very best of our foundation schools.



THE CUREE BY T. RECLIGHT IN THE COURT-YARD OF COMPEIGNE. (See page 362.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—We last week gave a short notice of this establishment, opened under such favourable auspices by Mr. W. Harrison. The two operas, "Faust" and "La Traviata," brought out the first week have again been produced this week. We shall, however, confine our few remarks principally to "Faust." The production of this opera, now so well-known to English ears, may be regarded as a bold undertaking on the part of Mr. Harrison, inasmuch as it had been the principal feature of the Italian opera on the same boards only a few months since, and with the finest Continental artists which could be produced. The result has been pre-eminently successful. The principals, Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Louisa Pyne, had already been equaled and certainly not surpassed by any previous artist in their several parts. It would be impossible to speak in too glowing terms of the brilliancy of execution, of the flexibility and melodiousness of voice, of the truly dramatic and artistic acting of Mr. Sims Reeves as Faust, or of Miss Louisa Pyne as Marguerite. Both were in magnificent voice, and we may almost add, they never before appeared to greater advantage, notwithstanding it was the first appearance of Miss Louisa Pyne in the character of Marguerite. It seemed as though the beauties and delicate finishes of each of the Continental favourites who have appeared in that character were all embodied, and in some degree surpassed, in the one performance of Miss Pyne. Miss Cottrell is particularly charming as Siebel, though the music is perhaps not altogether suited for her voice. Mr. Gustave Garcia made a most successful appearance as Valentin, and gives great promise of future high position. Signor Marchesi looked the part of Mephistopheles admirably, and acquitted himself very satisfactorily, as did also Madame Barrington as Martha. The band and chorus, under the masterly conductors of Signor Arditi, we need scarce add, could not possibly have been better. Indeed, the performance altogether of "Faust" at Her Majesty's Theatre is one of the most brilliant ever witnessed on those boards, and greatly are we indebted to Mr. W. Harrison for his efforts, which, we trust, will be carried through with the spirit and success in which he has inaugurated his season.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Royal English Opera Company have substituted "La Sonnambula" for "Masaniello," though the second and third acts of the latter have been performed after the first opera. We shall notice "La Sonnambula" and the two new candidates for special favour in the characters of Amina and Elvino in our next. These are Mr. Charles Adams who made his first appearance in the latter part, and Mdlle. Lina Martorelle, from Madrid, who made her first appearance here on Wednesday evening, as Amina. The highly successful opera of "Hervyllyn," which we noticed last week, increases in public favour. The careful and elaborate manner in which it is placed on the stage, and the general excellent cast of characters, will make this opera a special favourite throughout the season.

DRURY LANE.—The magnificent revival of "Macbeth" secures a crowded audience at this establishment every night. At each representation there is always something new to admire—in the forcible and thrilling acting of Miss Helen Faucit, the finished elocution of Mr. Phelps, the beautiful music of Locke, the wondrous scenery of Mr. Beverley, and indeed in the whole production. "The Terrors of the O'Flaherty's" and "Too Much for Good Nature" have alternated during the week.

ST. JAMES'S.—A startling novelty has been produced here in the shape of an operatic melodrama, of the sensational cast, in one act, entitled "The Baronet Abroad and the Rustic Prima Donna," the Baronet, Sir Fitzful Green, being acted by Mr. Frank Matthews; the Rustic Prima Donna by Miss Roden. We sketch the plot of this interesting little piece. The Baronet, tired of the dissipation of English life, retires to the shores of Normandy, where he settles himself down in a cottage, but falls into bad hands. The landlord is a desperate character—a smuggler, and has been in the habit of losing his tenants suddenly. He has been suspected of, but never discovered in, foul play. He determines to make away with Sir Fitzful Green. The first thing is to compel the daughter of an old musician who owes him money to write upon the Baronet as a servant. Suzette is studying music as a profession, and is in love with a young farmer, and she is miserable at having to wait upon Sir Fitzful, and determines to disgust him with her services by continually singing. And this she does, performing all the offices of a waiting-maid in snatches of song, until she gets the Baronet to a pitch of such displeasure that he dismisses her. The young Farmer finds out that Loup Garou, the landlord, has formed a plan for the assassination of Sir Fitzful Green, and communicates the same to a Commissary of Police. The plot is unmasked, the villain punished, and Suzette has a principal hand in it. A bed, the top of which is lowered by machinery, is the frightful mode which Loup Garou has invented to get rid of his tenants. Smothered, they show no symptoms of violence. A phial of laudanum placed by the bed disarms suspicion. Sir Fitzful Green is removed from this awful machine by Suzette. Mr. Frank Matthews was admirable as the Englishman, dry and humorous. Miss Roden is remarkable for her clear diction whether in singing or speaking. Miss Roden is likewise famed for an extremely even and sweet-toned voice, and probably the most manageable and brilliant shake possessed by any singer. The piece is perfectly successful, as was the first appearance at this theatre of the fair vocalist.

THE THEATRES have scarcely altered their programmes from the general notice which we gave last week. Among the exceptions may be named the CITY OF LONDON, where Mr. Nelson Lee, ever alive to please his patrons, has this week revived "Waiting for the Verdict."—This evening (Saturday) Miss Marriott appears in two of her favourite characters—Blanche in "The Orphan of France," and Pauline, in "A Night of Terror."—At the NEW ROYALTY, next week, will be presented a new burlesque, by Mr. Burnard, entitled, "Snowdrop; or, the Seven Musketeers and the Magic Mirror."

THE MUSIC HALLS are doing a little service now in expiating the so-called spiritual manifestations of the Brothers Davenport—at least, so far as the rope trick is concerned. Professor Redmond, the Brothers Nemo, show how they can untie themselves after the most elaborate tying, and also tie themselves up in a manner almost defying attempts to untie them, without spiritual means, when enveloped in frames resembling huge crinolines. This week at SAM COLLINS'S another phase of the rope-trick has appeared. Herr Kosack is the performer. He allows himself to be tied, and enveloped in a sack. In a few moments he is heard playing a tune on a Piccolo pipe, and the movements of his fingers are perceptible through the sack. The sack is then removed, and he is seen still bound, and then, before the whole audience, he extricates himself from the rope in a few seconds. Not content with showing "how this is done," he then proceeds to tie himself up, and in a few moments he presents the exact appearance of one of the Davenports—knotted back and front—all done orally, and yet would take many minutes for a novice to untie. Almost at a word, before the audience are aware, the rope is at his feet. This performance now is no longer a wonder. It is simply a clever trick; and those who profess to say that the spirits have a hand in extricating them from knotted ropes are nothing less than rank impostors, be they who they may.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS, in the Lower Hall of St. James's, are attracting numerous audiences nightly. Their performances are so well known that little comment is necessary. They are as amusing as any one could wish, and an evening is well spent in the society of these entertaining darkies.

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

On our first page we give an illustration of Professor Anderson and his daughter in their anti-spiritual séance of the closet and rope trick. We quote from a contemporary the particulars of a recent exposure of the Davenport brothers:—

Professor Anderson repeated on Wednesday afternoon a séance similar to that given by him last week. Preparatory to commencing operations, he stated that it had been said elsewhere that it was unhandsome of him to attack the Davenports, regard being had to the hospitable reception which he himself had received in America. He admitted that he had been welcomed most cordially in the American States; but he felt bound, notwithstanding, to denounce what he considered to be an imposture. He added that, on the first arrival of the Americans, Mr. Palmer (their manager) had called upon him, and had informed him that he had come to Europe with the 'biggest thing out,' and that the Davenports were going to exhibit with spiritual agency. He at once told Mr. Palmer that if he came with the Davenports simply as conjurers, he would give them all the assistance in his power, but that he would be no party to the spiritual 'ticket,' as he had known many cases in America in which persons had become inmates of madhouses owing to a belief in what were called spiritual manifestations. Mr. Palmer, who was in the hall, here rose and said that the statement of Mr. Anderson was altogether false, and that no conversation such as he had represented had occurred between them. Professor Anderson, however, repeated his assertion, adding that, when the performance was over, Mr. Palmer might make any observations he pleased. Mr. Palmer was then called upon by many clamorous voices to ascend the stage, and discuss the matter publicly, an invitation, however, which he declined to accept. Dr. Buckland then bound Miss Lizzie Anderson in a manner which satisfied the spectators, and she was lifted into the cabinet, the doors of which were shut. After an interval of two minutes she released herself. Mr. Sutton, Mr. Anderson's cashier, was subsequently bound and tied in the cabinet, in company with Miss Anderson, both being secured to the seats somewhat after the manner of the Davenports. Almost immediately after the doors were closed her head was shown at the aperture, some musical instruments were jingled, and in a few minutes afterwards both the young lady and her companion were found unbound. Miss Anderson afterwards tied herself up. Mr. Anderson subsequently illustrated the 'spiritual manifestation' known as table-rapping, and obtained answers to a variety of questions. With these and other experiments, the séance, which was loudly applauded, was brought to a successful conclusion.

We advise our readers to visit the Professor and his daughter, and they will soon satisfy themselves how far there is anything spiritual in this Davenport rope business.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS—6 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (t); 18 to 1 agst Mr. W. L'Anson's Black Albion (t); 25 to 1 agst Sir Joseph Hawley's Badminton (t); 33 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Brother to Minie (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Mackenzie's The Oppressor (t); 40 to 1 agst the Duke of Beaufort's Knight (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. W. L'Anson's Brookland (t); 4 to 1 agst Captain White's Joker.

COMPEIGNE.

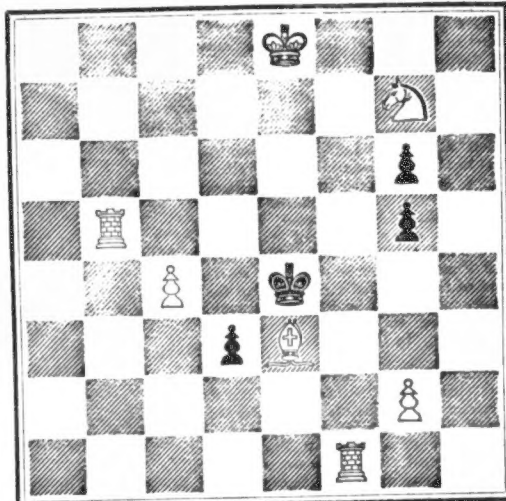
NOVEMBER again finds the Court of France sojourning at Compeigne, and the usual series of guests invited to participate in the varied amusements which are each autumn arranged to break the monotony of life at the Court of Napoleon, consisting of hunting, shooting, balls, theatricals, &c. &c.

The hunting appears to be the chief attraction; and its features have formed the subject of our artist's pencil on pages 360 and 361. They embrace "The Meet" in the forest to hunt the stag, "Full Cry," and "The Cures," which latter portion of a day's hunting in France is of high importance. The ceremony is performed in the most formal manner. When the feet of the stag are cut off, and presented to the person in honour of whom the chase has been held, the animal is carried, with all due formalities, underneath the windows of the chateau, and those who have been privileged to take part in the hunt form themselves into a circle on horseback. A blast having been blown by the huntsman, the stag cut up, and the entrails taken out, the huntsman, or one of his assistants, sits astride of the carcass, concealing the flesh thrown underneath, whilst he shakes the antlered head to exasperate the dogs. The latter, after being forcibly kept off, are allowed to rush in, but only to be driven back yelping with pain. At length, when a signal is given by the person in whose honour the chase has taken place, they are allowed to rush upon their prey, and at this critical moment the man holding the head carries it hastily off, and discovers the cures to the howling dogs.

DI-GRACEFUL SCENE AT A FUNERAL.—On Friday last an extraordinary and painful scene took place at Woodston, near Peterborough. The eldest son of Mr. Thomas Powell, a highly respectable farmer of the village, having died, his parents wished to have him buried in the pretty little churchyard of the parish. As a matter of courtesy, the Rev. A. Murray, independent minister, to whose congregation Mr. Powell belonged, waited upon the Rev. J. Ellaby, the incumbent, and informed him that Mr. Powell was a strict nonconformist, and objected to the use of some portions of the burial service. Subsequently Mr. Ellaby went with Mr. Powell himself to the churchyard and chose a site for the grave, and no obstacle of any kind was anticipated. On Friday afternoon, when the funeral procession approached the churchyard, the grave was found prepared. Halting at the entrance the corpse was placed on a chair whilst the Rev. A. Murray read a simple service, such as dissenters use on such occasions. He was so engaged when a messenger arrived with the intimation that the Rev. J. Ellaby was waiting in the church. A courteous reply was returned that the services of the clergyman would not be required, and a move was made towards the grave. Mr. Ellaby issued from the church, and declared in an excited manner that the corpse should not be buried there. Mr. Murray stepped on one side, and said, "You are aware, sir, we have the privilege of silent interment." "I do not care for your privileges," the incumbent replied, "I will throw you into the Ecclesiastical Court." He then left the churchyard, bidding the sexton stand by the grave. Meanwhile the afflicted mourners were looking on in a state of grief and perplexity, which may well be imagined. At last the father stepped forward, and said, if no one would fill in the grave of his child, he would do so himself. He took a spade for that purpose, but the sexton wrenched it by force out of his hands. A crowd had gathered round, and nootings and cries of "Shame" were raised, but Mr. Ellaby did not return, and without his authority the sexton would allow no one to touch the grave. Eventually the relatives reluctantly withdrew, leaving the body unburied. On the following day (Saturday), the grave was filled in by the incumbent's orders, but whether the Church burial service was read over it or not our reporter has been unable to ascertain.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Chess.

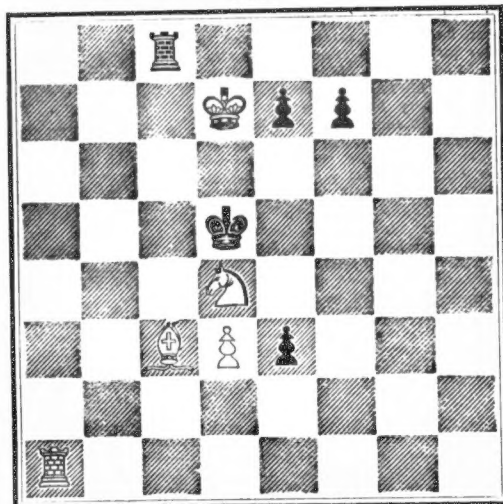
PROBLEM NO. 210.—By R. B. WORMALD, ESQ.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. 221.—By C. W., of Sunbury.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

Game played between two amateurs, members of the Berwick club.

[KING'S GAMBIT declined.]

White.	Black.
Rev. T. C. D.—	Mr. J. White.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. P to KB4	2. R to QB4
3. Kt to KB3	3. P to Q3
4. B to QB4	4. Q Kt to B3
5. P to Q3	5. K Kt to B3
6. Q Kt to B3 (a)	6. B to K Kt5
7. P to KR3	7. B takes Kt
8. P takes B (b)	8. P takes B P
9. P to KR4 (c)	9. Kt to KR4
10. Kt to Q R4	10. Q Kt to K2
11. Kt takes B	11. P takes Kt
12. Q to Q2	12. Q to Q5 (d)
13. P to Q R3	13. Q to K4
14. Q to KB2	14. Q R to Q square
15. B to Q2	15. P to QB3
16. Castles (Q R)	16. P to Q Kt4
17. B to Kt3	17. Q R takes P
18. K R to K Kt square (e)	18. P to KR3
19. B to K square	19. B takes R (ch)
20. B takes K	20. Q Kt to K Kt3
21. B to Q Kt3	21. Q to Q3
22. B to Q2	22. Kt to K4
23. B to B2	23. K to K2
24. R to Q square	24. R to Q square (f)
25. Kt to K square	25. Kt to Q B5 (g)
26. Q B takes P	26. Q takes B
27. Q takes P (ch)	27. K to K square
28. Q takes Q B P (ch)	28. K to K2
29. Q to Q B5 (ch)	29. R to Q3
30. Q takes K Kt	30. R takes R (ch)
31. B takes R	31. Q to Q7
32. Q to Q B5 (ch) (g)	

Drawn game.

- (a) He ought rather to have played P to Q B3.
(b) If 8. Q takes B, Black can reply with Kt to Q5.
(c) Had he retaken with Bishop, Black would have rejoined Kt to KB4, threatening a terrible check at KR5.
(d) We should have preferred Kt to K Kt3.
(e) Threatening to win a piece.
(f) Very ingenious; threatening, if Black take the Pawn with Q B, to capture Rook with Queen, &c.
(g) Apparently overlooking Black's clever rejoinder.

ELEVEN BULLOCKS ROASTED ALIVE.—A fire broke out at Liskard, Cornwall, a few days ago, in the barn belonging to a farmer at that place. A servant man went to his work as usual before day-break, and it is supposed that a spark from the candle must have fallen on the floor of the barn. The barn was burnt down, and about thirty bushels of wheat and other produce were destroyed in an adjoining house. There were eleven bullocks in the barn, and although every possible exertion was made to get them out, they all perished in the flames.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

ALLEGED EMBEZZLEMENT.—William Miller, described as a clerk, who was placed at the bar last week, charged with embezzling money to a large amount received by him on behalf of his employer, Mr. Daniel D. Dymally, of 9, Minster-lane, merchant, was again placed at the bar, before the Lord Mayor, in the custody of Detective Sergeant Huggitt. Mr. Dymally appeared on behalf of Mr. Dymally, and Mr. Gale attended for the prisoner. Mr. Dymally said upon the last occasion he appeared to support a prosecution against the prisoner at the bar, and at that time, having been only momentarily instructed, he certainly thought, from the facts as they were laid before him, that the prisoner had been guilty of a very serious offence. Since then, however, he had gone through the books and letters at Mr. Dymally's office, and from what he had since learnt, he had formed an opinion that the prisoner was committed for trial, it would be hopeless, from the evidence, to expect a conviction; and he appeared that day to ask his lordship's permission, under the circumstances, to withdraw from the prosecution. He thought it right, however, to justify the course which had been taken by Mr. Dymally in giving the prisoner into custody, and he read a letter which Mr. Dymally received from the prisoner the day after he was committed, and which at first sight led Mr. Dymally to suppose the prisoner was guilty. The letter was signed by the prisoner, and was as follows:—

"Sir,—How deeply I have wronged you I cannot say; but it has been unintentionally, and but for the continued pressure in the markets all would have been right. But with depreciation in the cotton, of which I regret to say I purchased more than I told you, of late, which I also purchased to the extent of about 300 tons, and the stocks and shares at the Union Bank causing the bank to ask for more security, and my reluctance to tell you have brought matters to this crisis. God forgive me, I know man won't, and I do not deserve it. No one in the office is to blame but myself. I shall go across to France, and anxiously watch how matters result. With the property in the cash chest you ought, and I trust will, pull through. What is to become of my wife and children God knows. I hope some kind friend will be found to protect them."

Mr. Dymally, having received this letter, was almost sure of the prisoner's guilt, and that, in connection with the calls being made to the extent of between £38,000 and £40,000 for transactions of which he knew nothing, was the reason for Mr. Dymally taking the course he had. Having looked through the letters, he found that, from certain allusions which the prisoner had made to transactions, it might be thought Mr. Dymally was fully aware of all the prisoner was doing, and that since a jury might be of opinion that a partnership existed between the parties, and this, he said, would arise from the very great confidence which Mr. Dymally placed in the prisoner, who had managed his business for some time, and who he had known as the principal of a firm in Madras, taking all these facts into consideration, Mr. Dymally said he had come to the conclusion that a conviction would not ensue if the case were sent before a jury. He thought it more consistent with public justice to withdraw from the charge. The Lord Mayor observed that he was there to administer justice, and to commit cases for trial if he thought there was sufficient to make sure of a conviction; but at the same time, if the evidence was of such a nature as to lead him to believe that a conviction would not be the result, it was more consistent with public justice to discharge the case; and in the present case, after having heard the opinion of Mr. Dymally, the only course for him to adopt was to discharge the prisoner. Mr. Gale, on the part of the prisoner, said that he, with Mr. Dymally, had gone carefully through the books and letters, and he was of opinion that there was no felonious intention on the part of the prisoner, and that had it not been for the depreciation of the markets, all would have gone right. The prisoner had returned without having been committed, with, having repented of the course he had adopted. He was glad, on the part of the prisoner, that Mr. Dymally had been able to go on with his business, and trusted he would be successful, and recover himself entirely from the loss he had sustained. The prisoner was then discharged.

GUILDHALL.

BETTING CASE.—Philip Fowler, of 87, Farringdon-street, was summoned before Mr. Alderman Carter by Mr. J. F. Walker, solicitor, for using abusive language to him. Mr. Lewis, son, of Ely-place, appeared for the defendant. The complaint said that he went to 87, Farringdon-street, where there is a betting-office, for the purpose of seeing Fowler, as he had been deputed by his client, Mr. Harry Broome, to collect a bet amounting to 80l. together with a deposit of 1l. from him, which had been made on the result of the Cossack-stakes. On making known his business, the defendant used several abusive epithets, and hence the summons. Witness added that, after having taken out the present summons, he went again to the defendant's, when he was again more grossly abused, and, on getting into the street, was assaulted and assailed by the friends and agents of Fowler, and they eventually gave him a black eye. In answer to Mr. Lewis, the complainant admitted that the abuse took place inside the house. Mr. Lewis contended that the summons must be dismissed, as the magistrate could take no cognizance of abusive language inside a house. Mr. Alderman Carter dismissed the summons. Mr. Walker then applied for a summons against the man who had assaulted and given him the black eye, which was granted. Mr. Harry Broome addressed the alderman, and wished to know if he could assist him, as he had not only paid the man Fowler 81s at the bet, which he could not recover, but he had also won £50, which Fowler would not pay him. His (Broome's) having been a pugilist would account for him betting on horse-races. Mr. Alderman Carter regretted he could not assist him, as it was a debt of honour, and he should be more cautious in ascertaining the amount of honour possessed by those with whom he had dealings. Broome said the man Fowler had also defrauded a gentleman's servant, whom he named, out of a large sum of money, and the man was afraid to take steps against him for fear his master should hear of it. The place was a common betting office. Mr. Alderman Carter directed Mr. Inspector Cole to report upon the house 87, Farringdon-street, in order that the necessary legal steps might be taken against the tenants.

THE ORGANISED GANGS OF THIEVES AT THE EXECUTION OF MULLER.—Henry Hart, 18, Cattermole-street; John Chippis, 15; Thomas Rayner, 18; and Benjamin Shaw, 18, Cattermole-street, were charged before Mr. Alderman Rose, the three first with stealing a gold repeater watch, and Shaw with stealing a hat, in conjunction with a man named Henry Jellison; but there being very little evidence against the latter he was discharged. Shaw was also charged with stealing 19l. from the person of James Hall, whilst assisted by a gang of over a dozen other thieves. The evidence went to prove that Mr. John Jellison, an estate agent, was attempting to pass through the Old Bailey about a quarter to nine o'clock, and during the time the murderer Muller was hanging, when he was surrounded by a gang of thieves, who hustled him, and although he had two coats buttoned over his waistcoat pocket, where his watch was, he felt a hand thrust up between the coats and his waistcoat, and his watch was taken. He turned round, and saw the prisoner Chippis with part of his watch chain in his hand, whilst Hart hustled him, and pushed him back to enable the others to escape. He was of the time cruelly assaulted and much injured, and on calling "Police," and "Murder," Hart, Chippis, and Rayner were seized by the constables. He further said, in cross-examination, that he could not say that Rayner had taken an active part, but such was his impression, and that when he asked not get under the barrier to escape from the thieves assaulting him, he asked some one to push him, and Rayner did so. In speaking of the police he said that he firmly believed that he should have been murdered had not police-constables 414 and 82 been so prompt in coming to his assistance. James Hall, a coach builder, described the way in which he endeavoured to make sure of his money. He paid it (19s.) in his right hand trousers pocket, and kept his hand over it. This did not appear to suit the views of the thieves, who immediately proceeded to knock off his hat, and on his putting up his hands to protect it, Shaw put his hand in his pocket and took out his money, which he handed to Hart and Chippis. He also took a latch-key and a pocket-handkerchief. Mr. Henry Jellison identified Shaw as the man who had knocked his hat off. Although he strenuously swore that he was knocked off twice before he did so, and that Shaw was the one who did it on the second occasion, when witness seized him, and the companion to whom he had passed it returned the hat. His attention had before been attracted to Shaw by seeing him, surrounded by his gang, deliberately steal two or three breast-plates from different gentlemen. After witness's hat was knocked off his arms were seized from behind, and Shaw, in the most deliberate and brazen-faced manner, rifled his pockets. Shaw was afterwards taken in consequence of this witness waiting at the barriers to see if he could identify any of the thieves, and after a smart chase he, with the assistance of police-constable 47, captured him. The police-constables corroborated the testimony as to Hart, Chippis, and Shaw, but although they said Rayner was with them, yet he did not speak to any of them, and none of the witnesses spoke to any specific act done by the latter. Rayner protested his innocence, and requested that inquiries might be made concerning him, as he did not know any of the others and was a respectable man. The other prisoners cross-examined the witnesses in the usual manner of "old hands." Mr. Alderman Rose decided on remanding them, in order to afford time for inquiry.

ROW STREET.

MILITARY RECREATION.—James White and Richard Ford, two privates in the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, stationed at the Wellington Barracks, were charged with being drunk in Whitehall, and assaulting Thomas Griffiths, a labourer, and Mary Anne Griffiths, his wife. About twelve o'clock on Saturday night, Sergeant Russell, of the A division, found the prisoners in Whitehall street, and making a disturbance. They were surrounded by a crowd, and were charged with being drunk and assaulting anyone. Russell dispersed the crowd, and at the same time sent the prisoners to go and look after two soldiers who were coming down Whitehall street. In the meanwhile the prisoners, while swaggering along Whitehall street, met Griffiths and his wife, who were going from King-street towards Chancery-lane. The prisoners passed between the complainants, and as they did so White seized Mr. Griffiths in an indecent manner with one hand, caught her by the hair of the head with the other, flung her upon the pavement, and fell on top of her. Griffiths interposed to protect his wife, when Ford knocked him down, and fell on top of him. When Anderson came up, and Ford and Griffiths struggling on the ground, White walking away, and Mr. Griffiths with difficulty getting up from the pavement. He took Ford in custody. A witness who was standing by at the time, and had seen the outrage, but was not near enough to interfere, saw the prisoners in the same direction, but with no other sight of White, who was going in the same direction, and whom he pointed out to Millett, 232 A, Maidment followed White and took him in custody. Griffiths's hand was severely cut. A sergeant from the prisoners' regiment said that White was a good, and Ford an indifferent character. White said he was very sorry. Ford had nothing to say. Mr. Flower said he was very sorry to see men wearing the uniform of the British soldier guilty of such conduct. White's offence was the more aggravated, being committed on a woman, and accompanied with indecency. He must be imprisoned for two months, without the option of paying a fine. Ford must pay 2l. or be imprisoned six weeks.

CLERKENWELL.

A MAN CHARGED ON HIS OWN COMMISSION WITH BEING THE MURDERER OF MR. BARON THOMAS PITMAN.—On Monday on the charge-sheet as a carpenter and bedstead maker, residing at 10, King's-road, St. Pancras, was charged as follows:—Police-constable Cooper, 90 3, said that on Saturday night he was on duty in the King's-road, when he saw the prisoner, who was the worse for liquor, hawking a large crowd. He said that Miller was innocent, and that he was the man who had killed Mr. Briggs. He asked the prisoner to go away, but he would not do so, and he caused a great disturbance by stating that he was a murderer, he took him into custody. At the police-station he said he was the murderer of Mr. Briggs. Mr. D'Eyncourt said the prisoner caused a large mob to assemble? Witness: Yes. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Has he been looked up since Saturday? Witness: No. He was looked up for some hours and then he got bail. The prisoner said he was very sorry for what he had done, but he should not have said what he did had he not been the worse for liquor. Mr. D'Eyncourt said the conduct of the prisoner was very foolish and reprehensible. He would have to pay a fine of 5s, or, in default, he would have to go to prison for five days. The prisoner at once paid the fine.

A FOLKISH GIRL.—Eliza Mary Ann Martin, 17, but who did not appear on the charge-sheet as an offender, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with attempting to commit suicide by throwing herself into the waters of the Regent's Canal at Elington. Mrs. Mary Ann Simmonds, of 25, Canal-terrace, York-road, said that on Sunday morning, about half-past one, she heard sounds as if some one was in the water, and she went to her window and saw that the prisoner was in the canal. She opened her window and called to a man, who got the prisoner out. Had she not been got out when she was she was certain that the prisoner would have been drowned. When the prisoner was partially recovered she said it was all through Bob Shred that she had done it, she then sent for a constable, and the prisoner was then taken in custody to the hospital. Whilst on the subject of the police, she wished to remark that during the three years she had resided in Canal-terrace she had witnessed several attempts at suicide, and it was only last week that an unfortunate woman walked up and down there for nearly an hour in tears, yet no policeman could be seen or found. She had never but once seen a policeman down that terrace, and her husband, who is a cabman, and thus necessarily comes home at all hours of the night, had remarked the same fact. She was sure if a policeman was seen a little further round there, there would be fewer attempts at self-destruction. The prisoner, when spoken to, said: I have nothing to say, except that I am sorry I did not do it completely. The mother of the prisoner, a respectable-looking woman, said her daughter had got acquainted with a low fellow, a bricklayer, who was in the habit of taking her to public-houses. To this she (the mother) had strong objections, and the more so as the fellow was old enough to be her daughter's father. This had made the home a little unhappy during the last week especially as when the prisoner had been spoken to she said she should do as she pleased. She had no idea her daughter contemplated such an act as this. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked the prisoner how she got into the water? The prisoner, with apparent unconcern: I got over the railings and threw myself in. Mr. D'Eyncourt: What made you do such a foolish and wicked act? The prisoner: Because I am tired of myself and everybody around me. My mother is all against me, and I was determined to do it. Mr. D'Eyncourt remanded the prisoner to the House of Detention for a week, and directed that she should be seen by the chaplain.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.—William Jemmer, an engineer, living in Wardour-street, Soho, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with stabbing with a knife Leonard Arthur Blackburn, a blacksmith, residing in Black Lion-court, Berwick-street, St. James's, at the City of London public-house, No 104, Berwick-street, St. James's. On the prisoner being placed at the bar, Inspector Draper said: The injured man is not able to attend, and the constable in the case has a certificate from the Middlesex Hospital, Edward Coningham, a boy employed as waiter at the City of London public-house, 104, Berwick-street, said: Yesterday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, the prisoner and Mr. Blackburn, and another man, came into the house. Mr. Blackburn was leaning against a partition, and the other person, whose name I forget, was talking to the prisoner, a respectable-looking man, and he had under his coat, and suddenly drew out a knife and stabbed Mr. Blackburn twice, and tried to do it a third time, but my master jumped over the counter and prevented him, and took the knife from the prisoner. If he had not done so, the prisoner would have stabbed Mr. Blackburn again. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Did the prisoner say anything? Witness: Yes. He said he was glad he had done it. Richard Delph, 64 O, here pronounced the knife—a pocket clasp-knife, with a long and sharp blade. Mr. Tyrwhitt: The prisoner actually stabbed Blackburn twice? Witness: Yes, and made a third attempt. Prisoner: Did not Blackburn call me a humbug and a butcher? Witness: I did not hear him. Prisoner: That's all I wish to ask you. If you did not hear him I did. Charles Orford, of 3, Tyler-court, Wardour-street, said: Three of us were in the City of London public-house together and talking. There was a quarrelling. The prisoner put his hand under his coat, and then struck Blackburn on the breast, saying at the same time "Take that." I thought the blow at that was given with the fist, but directly after Blackburn said "I am stabbed," and at the same moment I saw blood spurting from the wound. I then put my hand on the wound to prevent the flow of blood. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Had any thing been said by the prisoner or injured man? Witness: I do not think there had been any words between the prisoner and Blackburn at all. The landlady jumped over the counter, and held the prisoner by the arms, and took the knife from him. I kept my hand on the wound till a cab came, and I then took Blackburn to the Middlesex Hospital, where I left him in charge of the medical men. I was smothered with blood. Prisoner: You did not see the landlady take the knife from me. I saw it up to him. Blackburn called me from 104 to drive, and something more. Richard Delph, 64 C said: I was called to the City of London public-house, Berwick-street, and found Blackburn bleeding much from a wound on the breast. I sent for assistance, and an other constable coming I took the prisoner, and asked him why he had used the knife, and he replied, "I shall not tell you just now." The knife produced was given to me by the landlady of the house. The injured man was taken to the Middlesex Hospital in a cab. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Have you been to the hospital this morning? Delph: I have. The injured man is unable to leave his bed. I received this certificate. The certificate was as follows:—

"This is to certify that Leonard Arthur Blackburn was brought to this hospital last night, suffering from an lacerated wound of the neck, and he is unable to leave his bed."
J. A. SMITH, House Surgeon.

Middlesex Hospital, Nov. 15.
Mr. Tyrwhitt: The prisoner will be remanded for a week on this very serious charge, as he will find it to be. The prisoner was then remanded. While the charge was being taken against the prisoner last night, he said, "Yes, I stabbed him, and I will do it again if he kills me about me, and I will be hanged for him like Muller."

WORKSHIP STREET.

A RAILWAY PICKPOCKET.—Charles Baker, a respectable-looking young man, but who refused his address, was charged before Mr. Ellison with picking pockets at the Bishopsgate terminus of the Great Eastern Railway. Mr. Beard attended for the defence. Mrs. Eliza Boucher, wife of the Rev. Spencer Boucher, of Bishop's Stortford, Essex, stated that on Wednesday evening, the 2nd inst., she was obliged to wait for the last mail train which ran through Bishop's Stortford, and took a seat in the first-class waiting-

room. She had a purse containing some silver and a key in the pocket of her dress, and though she did not notice any one come near her, she soon after found that her purse had been stolen. Miss Julia Harding, of Ryan-street, Lambeth, said she was in the waiting-room at the same time as the prosecutrix, and saw Mrs. Boucher, after handing some money to one of the porters to pay a cabman, replace her purse in her pocket. The prisoner, who was then seated in a chair at the end of the room, moved from that to a seat opposite the fire, and then to another at the corner of the table where the prosecutrix was seated, and went forward on the table. He was on the right side of the prosecutrix, and carried a coat on his left arm next to her. He appeared as if pushing against her. On the train moving out of the station he hastily left the room and went out to the platform, and on the prosecutrix pleading her hand in her dress, nearly two minutes after, she found she had lost her purse. No other person had been so near to her during the whole time as the prisoner was. Mr. William Henry Kent, superintendent of the company's police, stated that he knew the prisoner to be the regular associate of female pickpockets, carrying of their vocation at railway stations. He knew that the usual time he selected for going to that station was this evening. On the evening of the 2nd he saw him go out of the station into St. Pancras, and directly afterwards, on seeing the prosecutrix, she complained to him of having been robbed of her purse. As Miss Harding at the same time told him that she had seen the prisoner do, he asked her to call at the station and wait to see if she could identify him if he called again, and she consented to do so on Saturday evening. She had not been long in the waiting-room when the prisoner entered it, and she immediately pointed him out as the same man. The witness ordered him into custody, and told him the charge, and he made no reply to it. Mr. Beard said there was no previous conviction against his client, and, as it was clearly a matter for summary adjudication, he trusted the magistrate would so deal with it upon the prisoner pleading "Guilty." This the prisoner did, and Mr. Ellison sentenced him to three months' hard labour in the House of Correction.

THAMES.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—John Dacey, a tall, dirty, and ungainly-looking fellow, of boyish appearance, and whiskers on his face, who was stated to be 23 years of age, and to be a most dangerous character, was brought before Mr. Partidge charged with highway robbery. Francis Orpin, a seaman, stated that on the previous night, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock, he was passing along Black Church-lane, Whitechapel, and was taking some tobacco out of his box, when the prisoner came up and pushed against him, and at the same time asked him for a piece of tobacco. He refused to give the prisoner any, and told him to "sheer off" as quickly as he could, and if he did not he would pour a broadside into him with his fist. The prisoner swore at him and then went on, and continued to follow him. He steamed round and said to the prisoner, "Why do you follow me?" The prisoner immediately took his cap off and ran away. He gave chase to the prisoner, who went down a narrow alley. He soon overtook and boarded the prisoner, who flung the cap away and then turned round and struck him, and before he could recover himself pushed him on his knees and put his hand into his left hand waistcoat pocket and attempted to take the money out. He seized the prisoner and grappled with him, on which the fellow bit his thumb, made him let go, and again sailed away. He gave chase to the prisoner again and lost sight of him. Some time afterwards he fell in with the prisoner again, and laid hold of him again. He never let go the prisoner until a policeman bore down, and he gave him into custody. The cap cost him 3s. 6d. in Dublin a few days ago, and he had not recovered it. The prisoner, who was recognised as an old offender, made no defence. The prosecutrix said he had recently joined a ship, and was about to proceed to sea in her. Mr. Partidge said the sailor had behaved well, and the prisoner should not escape such punishment. He sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and hard labour.

SOUTH WARK.

ATTEMPTED MURDER BY A LUNATIC.—Elizabeth Barnes, 41, an Irishwoman, was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych charged with attempting to murder George Barnes, her son, two years of age, by cutting his throat, at Royal Tent-court, Kent-street, Borough. Mrs. Mary Ann Thomson, a decent-looking woman, who appeared to be much agitated, said that she resided at No. 1, Royal Tent-court, Kent-street. The prisoner was her mother, and resided with her husband (the witness's step-father) in Whitechapel. On Friday evening week the witness went to see them, when the latter told her that he had got work in the country, and he recommended his wife to go into the workhouse to be taken care of, as she required looking after. Her mother objected to that, and after some conversation the witness agreed to take her home to her home in Royal Tent-court, and to look after her for a few weeks. The prisoner consented, and they came over to Kent-street, and after supper they went to bed. The witness lay by the wall with her baby, and the prisoner lay near a chest of drawers with her son. A little before seven o'clock on Saturday morning the prisoner got frantically out of bed, and having taken a knife from one of the drawers, she cut her little boy's throat. The witness jumped out of bed and snatched the knife from her, at the same time asking her how she could be so cruel. She exclaimed that she intended to have murdered them all. The witness, perceiving the little boy's throat bleeding, wrapped him up in her shawl, and carried him to the London Hospital. Mr. Woolrych asked her how she came to carry the child to such a distant institution. The witness replied that it was because she knew the doctor. She gave no information to the police before she took the child to the hospital. Indeed, never said a word about the occurrence until late on Saturday afternoon, when the police called at her house. She did not think her mother was in her right mind, for all Friday night, while in bed, she kept talking about some one coming to murder her. She had been confined in Armstrong's Asylum, at Peckham, and had only been out a month. She had delirium tremens, caused by drinking. She was a little under the influence of liquor on Friday night, but the witness had no idea that she contemplated murdering her child. The prisoner here, in a frantic state, exclaimed, "Yes, I intended to murder them all, as I wish to die." Mr. Woolrych: Why do you say that? Prisoner: Because I am miserable and want to die. I have been in such a terrible and sorry, and the sooner I am out of the way the better. Mr. Hankinson, the chief-keeper of the court, said that after business a had been adjourned on Saturday the prisoner rushed to the door, and called out in a frantic state, "I am a murderer. I have murdered my child, and I wish to give myself up." He went round to the station-house and called the inspector's attention to her, and she was removed. Sergeant Gardiner, 25 M, the acting inspector at the St. James's police-station, said he was on duty at the time mentioned, when he saw the prisoner, and when inside the station-house she told him that she had murdered her son by cutting his throat, and she wished to give herself up. The witness asked her where she had done it, when she replied at her daughter's, No. 1, Royal Tent-court, Kent-street. He took her to that address, and went upstairs to her daughter's room; but the door was locked. They, however, forced it open; but no one was there, although a knife was lying near the bed with blood on it. The prisoner exclaimed, "That's what I did with," and seemed surprised that her child and daughter were not there. The witness took the prisoner then to St. George's Workhouse, with a request that she should be carefully looked after. She believed the cut was very slight, and the surgeon at the hospital recommended that the child should remain undisturbed for a few days. It appeared that the witness deceived the doctors by refusing to tell them how the cut was inflicted. The prisoner here became very violent, and exclaimed, "I did it, and I meant to murder them all; I want to be hung!" Mr. Woolrych remanded the prisoner until the clerk was able to see the surgeon of the London Hospital. Sergeant Gardiner informed his worship that the prisoner had first said she would destroy herself when in the cell, and if any one attempted to prevent her she would murder them. Mr. Woolrych ordered her to be removed to House of Correction, with directions that she should be most carefully attended to by the medical officer, and precautions taken to prevent her doing injury to herself or any one else.

HAMMERSMITH.

ONE OF MULLER'S DEFENDERS.—Thomas Thistle was charged with assaulting Mr. Henry Meekell, the landlord of the Clarendon Hotel, Nottingham. The complainant said that on entering his bar the previous night he found the prisoner and another man quarrelling about Muller. The prisoner said Muller was innocent, and the other man asserted that he was guilty. The prisoner then appealed to witness for his opinion, to which he answered that if he gave an opinion it would be that Muller had received a just verdict. The prisoner called witness a fool, and said he was as big a fool as the other man. Witness said he did not allow such language to be used in his house, and requested him to leave. He replied that he would stop as long as he pleased, and struck him over the counter a violent blow on the mouth, and made it bleed. Witness went round the counter, put him out of the house, when he struck him in the eye. Witness caught him by the collar, when the prisoner grasped him by the throat, and if it had not been for the other man he would have been choked. He succeeded in ejecting the prisoner, and gave him in charge. The prisoner said the complainant struck him, and gave him a black eye. Mr. Muller, the gaoler, looked at the prisoner's face, and said he had a little mark. The complainant admitted striking the prisoner in self-defence, after he had struck him twice. Walter Lyon, the man to whom the witness referred, was examined, and he said that when he gave an opinion that Muller was guilty, which was in answer to the prisoner's inquiry, he called him a liar. The witness then confirmed the complainant's evidence with regard to the assault. The prisoner's reply to the charge was, that they used him as badly as he used them. Mr. Ing-ham fined the prisoner 20s, and in default he ordered him to be imprisoned for fourteen days, with hard labour.

GREAT FLOODS IN TUSCANY.

SERIOUS damage has been caused in Tuscany by heavy rains. The floods have broken up the railway lines at several points, thereby destroying the communication between Empoli, Siena, Macchia, and Fiesole. Between the latter place and Bologna the Arno has burst its embankment, overthrowing the telegraph poles, and swept away the works which were in course of construction.

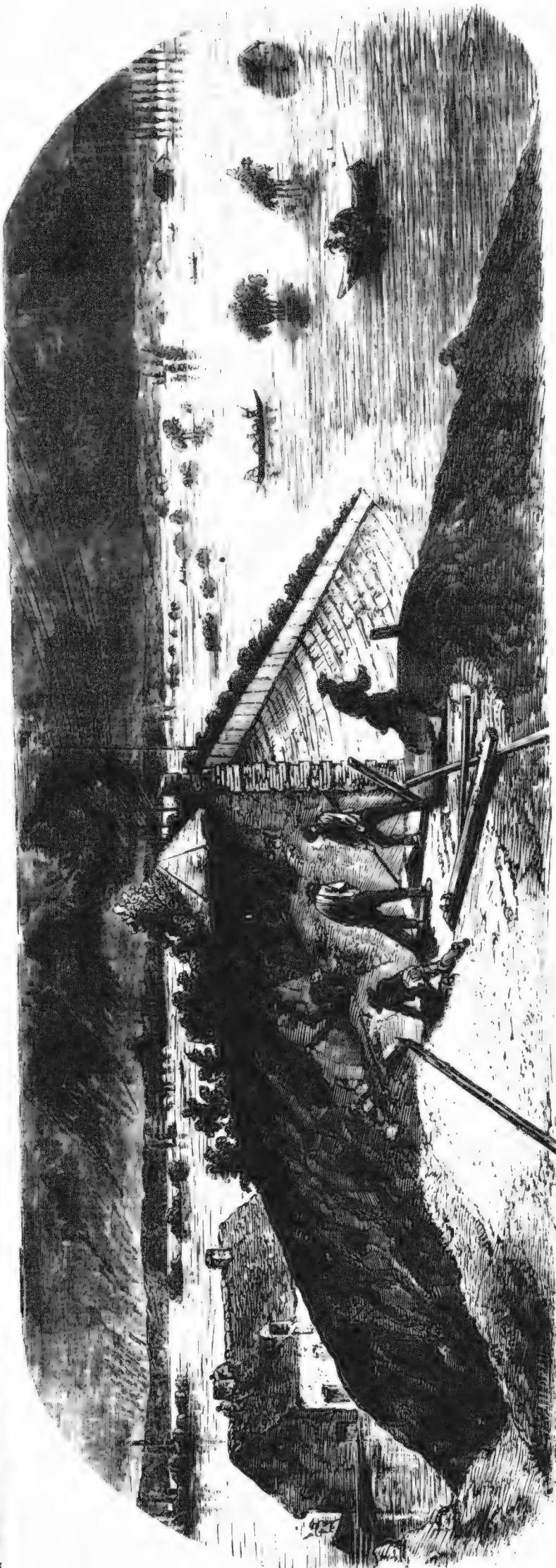
The latest despatches state that the lower parts of Florence are inundated, and that the Arno has risen to the level of the parapets of the quays. The telegraphic communication had also been interrupted. We give on this and the next page three illustrations of these disastrous floods.

DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF A SHIP'S CREW.

On Saturday, the Anchor line steamer Caledonia arrived at the Tail of the Bank from New York. She had on board three of the crew of the brig Ayshire Lass, of Ardrossan, which vessel the Caledonia fell in with about seven p.m. on the 9th instant, in latitude 55° N, longitude 13° W, with a flag of distress flying. A boat was immediately sent on board the brig from the steamer, when it was found that the Ayshire Lass was a complete wreck, and water-logged. The survivors of the crew of the brig were only three in number, and were very much exhausted. They were accordingly sent on board the Caledonia, and the second officer of the steamer, with a number of men, were put on board the brig. The Caledonia then took the Ayshire Lass in tow. Mr. Brown, master of the Ayshire Lass, stated:—We left Milnathain on the 26th of September, with a cargo of fells, bound for Ardrossan, and had proceeded on our passage all well, till the forenoon of Sunday, the 23rd of October, in force 54° 30' N, longitude 11° 20' W, when the vessel was struck on the starboard bow with a heavy sea, which threw her on her beam ends. The captain and two of the crew were below in the cabin, asleep at the time, and were drowned. After the vessel had ten on her beam ends for about half an hour, the mate managed to cut away the main-mast binnacle, which allowed the mainmast to break away, and it carried away the foremast close to the deck. The vessel then righted. The decks were clean swept of everything; and all the beef and water we had on board, being on the deck, was therefore lost. The cabin was filled with water



THE FLOODS IN FLORENCE.—DESTRUCTION OF THE VAL D'ARNO.



THE GREAT FLOODS IN TUSCANY.—SCENE ON THE ARNO.—DESTRUCTION OF RAILWAY WORKS.

and the vessel water-logged. Next day, Monday, we managed to hook up a small bag of biscuits from the cabin. They were quite soft, having been in the water twenty-eight hours. On the next Monday the biscuits were about done. Then we killed the dog, and on it we survived, with a very small portion of biscuit, for another ten days. On the 9th, at two p.m., we had finished the dog, and had nothing to eat, thus having been seventeen days on the wreck. At seven p.m., on the same night we were picked up by the Caledonia. Last Sunday a barque, supposed to be a foreigner, passed us, and although they saw our signals no attention was paid to them. Last Saturday we got the bodies of Captain James Grant and one of the crew, named Andrew Hanson, out of the cabin, and buried them at sea. The body of the other seaman, named Lawrence Smith, was never seen. The Ayshire Lass, as she lies at the Tail of the Bank, is a complete wreck. The bulwarks are carried away on both sides, and the foremast is all broken up. The jibboom is broken away, and all the fore chains are bent up.—Greenock Telegraph.

COMMITTEE ON A CHARGE OF MURDER. PERPETRATED NINE YEARS AGO.—In November, 1855, a boy named Richard Jowett, twelve years of age, son of William Jowett, farm servant to Mr. William Ackroyd, of Westbourne Lodge, Otley, died from the effects of a stab or wound, which he had received in the abdomen. Suspicion was, at the time, attached to some of his juvenile comrades, most of whom, like himself, worked at the mill of Messrs. Ackroyd, Duncan, and Co., worsted spinners, but no evidence could then be adduced to bring home the crime to any one; and an inquiry before the coroner at the time into the cause of death resulted in the jury returning an open verdict. Some disclosures, however, recently made led to the apprehension of a young man, named John Glynn, now about twenty-nine years of age, and of Irish descent, whose parents reside in Otley. On Tuesday Glynn was brought before Mr. Billam, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Forster, M.P., and Mr. A. Fawkes for final examination at Otley, on the charge of murder. Mr. Barret appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Fawcett on behalf of the prisoner. The court was densely crowded during the inquiry. Several witnesses having been examined, the prisoner, who reserved his defence, was committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder, at the next assizes at Leeds.—Leeds Mercury.



THE FLOODS IN TUSCANY.—OVERFLOWING OF THE ARNO. (See page 364.)

Literature.

ONCE JEALOUS; OR, THAT MARTHA.

"For my part," said Mrs. Maltby, as our party came out of the theatre one night after witnessing the cruel fate of that ill-wed female, Desdemona—"for my part I've always pitied Othello, poor man! You see I was jealous myself once, and know what it must be."

Jealous of such a man as Mr. Maltby!—that couldn't be, so we declared; but the little woman insisted on the truth of her assertion, and whispered, as we leant back in the carriage, with the gentleman out of hearing in front, "If you'll promise never to tell any one, you shall hear all about it!" What daughter of Eve could resist such an inducement? The promise was given, and out came the story:—

I can't bear the name of Martha even yet without having my blood boil in the silliest way. And, when my cheeks are at the reddest, and my heart beats the loudest, I suddenly remember what a goose I am, and cool down again. The first time I ever heard that name, to take much notice of it, was on the porch of our cottage at Brownsville. We had been married just three years, Mr. Maltby and I, and we had a very happy life. We had had some trouble to get along at first: but an old uncle of Tom's had died and remembered him in his will, to Tom's astonishment, for he always thought he had been disinherited for putting on his uncle's dressing-gown and slippers, and playing he had the gout, using naughty language to the little black boy, and going on just like the old gentleman. Tom was only ten then, and boys will be boys, you know. So he was delighted when he discovered that the old gentleman hadn't fulfilled his threat, and often said he would have given a great deal to have been reconciled before he died, for since that day he had never entered his uncle's house; but I told him the hand of fate was in it, and he couldn't help it, you know; so as soon as he got possession of the money he bought that place of ours at Brownsville, and we began to enjoy ourselves. And I was so happy, my dear, that I used to say that if we only kept a cow and had our own butter, and a few chickens and fresh eggs, Maltby Cottage would be an earthly paradise.

Living so far from the city it was not easy to have things of that sort sent in numbers, and bless you, the neighbours were such upstarts, that they wouldn't sell you an egg or a quart of milk if they had to give them to the pigs, or waste them. There wasn't a farmhouse for miles. They were all villas or residences, and when Mr. Bonnybell, with whom I had dealt for pork all the time I lived in the city, retired from business, and bought a stone house with two towers, and Hebe in the garden pouring the fountain into a marble basin, and I sent up word by Bridget that I was going to make a custard, and could they spare me a dozen eggs, Mrs. Bonnybell sent back word, "her compliments to Mrs. Maltby, and she wondered at her impudence, and she didn't keep shop." Set a butcher on horse-back and he'll ride as far as the horse will go. And as for bakers, when I heard of the "residence of Terence O'Grady, Esq.," I never thought he was ours where we used to buy the buns we were always sure had alum in them. But, dear me, I'm forgetting all about Martha.

We hadn't been at the cottage three weeks when Nurse Glower came to visit me. Dear old creature! I could remember her from the time I was that high—and she was always at our house when I was a child at least once a year. She was very fond of me and meant for the best, I'm sure, but perhaps she wasn't quite judicious. I don't think myself a whole coconut is a wholesome treat for a child, though it does keep it quiet, and I remember having one—and something like the cholera after it—several times.

When I was married at sixteen she always promised to visit me, and when I went to the cottage she came; we hadn't had room for her before, for to tell the truth we slept ourselves on a sofa bedstead, and hid the pots and kettles in an ottoman when we had company, because we hadn't any kitchen.

Somehow, though, Tom never liked nurse. So he provoked me by going out a good deal more of evenings than he ever had before—after she came—and by sitting by himself on the back stoop smoking until after midnight. Nurse Glower was afraid of what she called rheumatics, and considered the night air poison, so you know I couldn't join him without leaving her, and that I was too polite to do. May be I looked a little low-spirited one evening, for nurse said to me, in such a meaning way, "Hetty, is your life a happy one, or do you find that marriage is all vanity, like most does?"

She was not particular about her grammar, dear old soul, and always said "we" for "v." She took me by surprise, for I was thinking of Tom's smoking by himself on that back porch. But I answered, "Happy! oh, yes. Tom is the best of husbands."

"Easy to be the best," said nurse, "for they're a werry bad lot now, I tell you. One thing I'll say of Mr. Maltby, he's a good provider. But is he devoted?"

"Devoted! Oh, I'm sure he is," said I.

"Ah," said Nurse Glower. "Many a young thing thinks so and is deceived. Husbands is perfidious by nature. Him as was down upon his bended knees a suitor and a courtin', and a talkin' like as if he'd commit self-sacrifice if 'twas so 't she wouldn't hev him when his wife's a gal, is just the werry one to go a gallawantia' by the time she's had her first. Lor', I've nursed a many ladies, and I never knowed one as had had her second as could put her finger right on her husband and say, 'there, I hev him evenins.' They're worse than fleas—husbands is!"

"Not all," I pleaded.

"All!" said Nurse Glower. "I'd like to soothe your feelin's and say 'some isn't,' but truth's truth, and it's my opinion they're all alike. Glower was; that I know, and that I stick to, and allers will!"

I knew Mr. Glower had not been what you might call a domestic man, and I hoped nurse might have been prejudiced by his conduct. Still my heart sank in my bosom like a lump of lead, and though I tried to talk pleasantly, and made her the warm negus she always took before she went to bed, I felt dreadful, and if I smiled it was only to mask my feelings.

When your spirits begin to go down it's very hard to make them rise again, and when Nurse Glower was fairly gone to bed, instead of running down stairs to sit on the porch with Tom as I had intended, I took my seat on the broad sill of the stairhead window, and began to wonder what I should do if I were ever to discover anything dreadful about Tom.

When I had perched myself, I could see his dear curly head with wreaths of blue smoke all about it, and the more I looked at it the more I cheered up, until at last I said, "I'll go down and sit with him." If there is only one good husband in the world, Tom is the man.

If I only had done what I intended at that very moment, I should have been spared a great deal of trouble. But my evil star made me stop to let my eyes get dry, so that Tom shouldn't see I had been crying, and just in that little while some one came up to the garden fence, stopped, took off his hat, and called, "Mr. Maltby—I say, sir!"

Tom went down to the gate, only a few steps, and not only could I hear but see him perfectly in the moonlight, and there was something mysterious and secret in his very back.

"I've come from Turner's, sir," said the man. "My way being this, the lady axt me would I step in and tell Mr. Maltby if he cares about seeing Martha he must come up in a few days; she won't be there long."

He spoke in a coarse, high-pitched voice, and I saw my husband put his hand upon his arm and point warningly towards the house.

"Gush! This is a little secret, you know," he said. "I don't want any one to hear."

"Keeping it from the missus, I reckon," said the man, with a gruff laugh.

My husband nodded.

"Tell the lady I'd not miss seeing Martha for the world," he said; "that I'll be there to-morrow, if possible, and here is something for your trouble."

The man muttered a "thank you," and added, with a laugh, "She's a splendid creature, sir."

"I don't know her equal," said my husband.

Him, my dear, who had promised to cherish and protect me at the altar—only think of that! And he had so often told me that I hadn't my equal in the world. Of course it isn't so, you know; but one's own husband ought to think so, whether any one else does so or not.

And that horrible man went away, and Tom came slowly sauntering up the path as though nothing had occurred worth thinking of, and I, poor creature, I felt sorry for myself, as though I had been some one else. I slipped down from the window-sill and sat upon the floor. Oh, how I cried! Softly, though, for I had made a vow that he should never have the least suspicion that I had found him out.

What a desolate life mine seemed when I was forced to confess that Nurse Glower was right and that men were all villains.

The next day—my dear, I've read how men who were to be executed passed the night, I'm sure not one of them suffered as I did, and never until then did I guess myself how much I thought of Tom; I do wonder that I lived through it—when at the breakfast-table he said, "Why, puss, you look pale. You are not ill, I hope?"

I could have burst into tears, and Nurse Glower saw it, and said she, "I praye Mrs. Maltby sat up late last night. Late hours a't healthy, you know, sir."

Well, he gave her such a look; he might just as well have said,

"Mind your own business!" outright, and she shook her head.

Dear old soul, if she could have known what I knew!

After breakfast I watched Tom. Of course he would go to see that Martha—that abominable, shameful, good-for-nothing Martha—but where? that was the question. Of course he'd try to elude observation, if possible; the guilty always awaken suspicion by being over-cautious. I could wait. There was a long life of misery before me, and I was not in a hurry for it to begin. But one thing I had resolved, whenever Martha—oh that horrid Martha—saw my husband she should also see his injured wife.

Pretending to be idle and unconcerned, I saw it was all bumbug. Tom loitered about the house all the morning, and mended a gate, and put a new handle to the feather-duster, and even sat down at lunch-time and had a splendid appetite for raspberries and cream. After lunch he said, "I'll smoke my cigar in the arbour, puss," and went out.

Oh, how my heart beat! I was after him in a moment. Sure enough, he had his hat on, and was just going out of the gate. I called after him, "I thought you were going to smoke a cigar in the arbour?"

"So I was," said Tom; "but I've changed my mind. I think I'll take a stroll."

"I'll go with you," said I.

"My love, the middle of the day!" said Tom.

"Oh, it's a cool day," I answered. "Besides, I should think it would hurt you if it were so bad for me."

"Oh, I'm a strong man," he said, "and you are a delicate little woman. Besides, your complexion—"

"Oh, now I am married, who cares for my complexion?" I said. "I'll take a paragon."

Tom stood drumming with his fingers on the fence and whistling. In a minute he said, "Look here, puss. I am going out on business, and you'd be in the way; so I can't have the pleasure of your company. By-by! We'll take a walk in the evening."

"Will we?" I said to myself. "Ah, before evening you little know what may happen, Tom!"

And involuntarily I looked towards the sharp pruning-knife that lay upon the bench under the grape vines.

My dear, I hope I shan't shock you, but if I had been in Othello's place I should not have smothered Desdemona, because when I looked at the carving-knife I thought of that abominable Martha.

I watched him out of sight, and then ran to get my bonnet. If he went to the Turners I knew that I could get there before him by a short path which crossed our next neighbour's garden, and saved a quarter of a mile. I should run all the way, and he always sauntered, even when he used to come a courting.

How I got there I never knew, but there I was hiding behind an old elm tree all of a tremble when Tom came up whistling. Yes, whistling as though there were no such thing as perfidy in the wide world.

He knocked at the door, and old Mrs. Turner opened it (she knew of his coming, and could act such a base part); and when he was inside I crept up under the windows and listened, and the first thing I heard him say was, "I had hard work not to bring my wife along."

Then Mrs. Turner laughed, and said, "That would have been a joke; she don't suspect nothin', does she?"

"I believe not," said Tom. "How's Martha?"

"She's out yonder," said old Mrs. Turner. "Such an onsey critter I never saw. I shall be glad to get rid of her; besides, we haven't room enough to keep her, that's a fact. You've decided what to do, I s'pose."

"Yes," said Tom. "I've engaged Johnson, the carpenter, to build a first-rate house for her. Near as I can tell I can't do better."

A house! I should hear of a carriage and pin-money next. Oh, well might our dear old minister talk of riches being a snare.

When we were poor, Tom never thought of building houses for Marthas, and I never heard of such a thing except in English novels. Well, I should have one friend at least. There was Nurse Glower; she would take me home to ma and pa, to die. I came near fainting; but what I heard next aroused me.

"Tom spoke, and he said, 'Come, let's go and see my Martha.'"

It's Martha—his—oh! and all the injured wife blazed up in my bosom, as well as it might. Yes, he might go and see his Martha, and I would go and see his Martha—my husband's Martha also.

And I opened the door as softly as though I had been a house-breaker, and glided in like a snake. Oh, mercy me! that wicked old Mrs. Turner was just leading the way out of the room, and their backs were towards me, and they didn't see me. So I followed, and all that kept me up was the thought of the revenge I would have on Martha, and that he would know that he had killed me and feel remorse at last.

Along the hall they went, and out of the back-door. Probably that woman was waiting in the garden.

Mrs. Turner went on talking. "Sukey is as jealous of her as she can be," she said. "You never saw such a jealous creature." Were there more Marthas with other names—was Tom a grand Turk in disguise? I was prepared for anything. But Mrs. Turner had stopped before the barn, and was taking a key from her pocket.

"I hated to lock her up," she said, "such a splendid day; but if I didn't she'd run away, and I feel responsible."

Looked up. What could it mean? Was Tom an ogre to fasten women up in barns? I stared at the door; it was open, and Tom went in; then I—oh, don't you pity me?—I, a lawful wedded wife, who had loved my husband better than my life; I heard him say within the barn:—"My beauty. Don't you know me, Martha? I'm going to take you home next week; and Sukey is jealous."

And the next instant my husband walked out of the barn, leading the most beautiful cow that I ever saw in all my life, and talking to her as if he had been a child.

"What will your mistress say to you, Martha?" he said. "Will she like you, my beauty? How many quarts a day did you say she gave, Mrs. Turner? Pass—excuse me, I call my wife Puss sometimes—Puss always has said all we need at the cottage is a cow and chickens, and she'll be delighted with Martha; but she shan't know anything about it until she is in her house, and then it shall burst upon her—churn and milkpails and all—and we'll have the Dorkings, too, Mrs. Turner. My wife adores a little dairy and fresh eggs; so, ho, Martha."

I had been jealous of an old cow. I didn't wait to hear more, I can assure you, but crept out of the yard and away through the hall into the road, as though I had wings on my feet.

When Tom came home I was sitting on the piazza sewing, and how I kissed him! It seemed as if it might to angel who had been turned out of heaven and then taken back again.

That horrid Nurse Glover began to abuse my husband again that night, but I cut her short immediately.

"I don't know anything about bad husbands," I said, "but I know good ones are blessings, and Tom is the best husband in the world."

All her insinuations did no harm after that, and she went home pretty soon, and said to all our folks that for old married people of three years standing we were the silliest she ever saw.

I never told any one of my fit of jealousy, and Tom never guessed a word about it. How should he? But when baby was born, and I said, "What shall we name her?"

Tom said—what put it into his head I can't think—"Oh, name her Martha."

And I quite screamed, "Any other name in the calendar, but not that."

"You have a mighty prejudice against the name," said Tom, smiling.

"Well," said I, "I have; for a woman it's perfectly dreadful, but it's a splendid name for an old cow. I'm glad ours has it, and always have been."

"Why?" asked Tom, but I didn't tell him.

NEW WORKS.

NEW ECHOES, AND OTHER POEMS. By ELIZA COOK.—London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. The many admirers of the poems of Eliza Cook, the people's favourite poetess, will hail with pleasure the appearance of this new volume. "The New Echoes" occupy thirty-four pages of the work, the remainder being occupied with miscellaneous poems. Although several of the pieces will be well remembered as friends of old, many of them will be found to possess every requirement to make them as dear to us as any of this gifted lady's previous works. The volume is beautifully printed, and will, we are certain, obtain a large circulation.

NEW MUSIC.

THOSE BEAUTIFUL BELLS. Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY. Words by WATKIN WILLIAMS. London: Musical Bouquet Office, High Holborn.—This charming song, which originally appeared in No. 5 of "Bow Bells," is now published in the usual music form. Few songs have become so popular as this in so short a period. The melody is both charming and graceful, and the words exceedingly poetic. We highly commend it to our musical readers as a most reasonable competition.

FATAL CRINOLINE ACCIDENT.

An inquest was held at the X. Canteen, South Camp, Aldershot, on Monday morning, before Mr. Spencer Clarke, coroner for North Hants, on the body of Jane McKay, aged twenty-two years, a nursemaid in the family of Dr. Gascoigne, Royal Engineers, residing in "Y" lines, South Camp, who met her death through burns accidentally received on Thursday night. The jury having viewed the body, which lay at the Female Hospital, the first witness called was Emma Haslett, cook in the same family, who said that on Thursday morning week the deceased was sitting by the side of the fire in the kitchen, nursing Dr. Gascoigne's youngest child, witness herself being at a table close by. The child being restless, the deceased tossed it to and fro, and in doing so her dress took fire behind, and in a few seconds she was all in a blaze. Witness called for assistance, and her master and herself procured blankets and smothered the flames. Deceased was not in the habit of wearing any flannel underclothing, and when her dress took fire the flames mounted high over her head in a moment or two. Witness had repeatedly warned deceased of the danger of sitting so close to the fire without the fireguard up, and her mistress had also cautioned her several times of the great danger to which she was exposing herself, both at the kitchen and drawing-room fire, at the latter of which she was found only the night previous to the accident fast asleep. Dr. Edward Charles Gascoigne said he was surgeon to the Royal Engineers. The deceased was his nursemaid. On the morning of Thursday week he was getting up when he heard what he thought was the child falling on the floor, and directly afterwards a scream from the last witness that "nurse was on fire." Unapprehensive as he was, he rushed to the door of the bedroom and opened it, when the deceased burst past him on fire, the flames two feet above her head. Having taken the blankets from his bed he wrapped them round the poor girl and forced her into the kitchen on to the floor. He then threw a quantity of water over the blankets, and thus stifled the flames. Deceased was not on fire above a minute and a half, but when he removed the blankets there was not a shred of clothing on the upper part of the body, except her wristbands. She was burnt dreadfully about the arms, breasts, and stomach, and from the back of her neck to her heels. He had her lifted on to her bed, and subsequently removed her to the Female Hospital, where she received every attention; and to the surprise of every one—nurses and medical men—she survived the accident seven days, when death put an end to her sufferings. She was sensible the whole of the time she was lying in hospital. The coroner having briefly summed up, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

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The Court.

In consequence of the severe illness of Lord Derby, the intended visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Knowsley is indefinitely postponed.

Since her Majesty's arrival at Windsor very little has occurred to break the quiet monotony of the Court, and the royal excursions from the castle have been confined to the visiting of public and charitable institutions. Much of the Queen's time is passed with the royal family, her Majesty walking and driving in company with one of the princes or princesses in the grounds and park. Her Majesty is an almost daily visitor at the royal mausoleum at Frogmore, where lie the remains of the Prince Consort. On this beautiful tomb which is now nearly completed, the most eminent artists in marble and mosaic work have been employed, and all that the fine arts of the age could contribute towards its adornment has been lavished upon the work. Its cost has of course been great, as no expense has been spared in its construction. The mausoleum and its approaches are under the strict guardianship of the rural police day and night, and an admission to its sacred precincts would be now considered as one of the greatest marks of favour which royalty could bestow upon the subject. An ornamental bridge of smooth and rusticated Portland stone is being erected over the ornamental water at Frogmore, for the purpose of connecting the approaches between the prince's mausoleum and that of the late Duchess of Kent, over whose tomb a bronze lamp is kept constantly burning.—*Court Paper.*

On Monday morning, shortly after ten o'clock, her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Helena, and attended by Major Teesdale, Colonel Hardinge, and the ladies in waiting, left Windsor Castle, by special train, on the London and South-Western Railway, and proceeded rapidly, via Datchet, Weybridge, and Staines, to Twickenham Junction, where an engine was attached to the end of the special. At Twickenham, which is rather a busy station, a large number of passengers were waiting for the London train, and as the state saloon carriage stopped opposite the platform they had an unexpected view of the principal members of the royal family. After a slight detention, the train left Twickenham, and travelled, via the New Kingston Railway, to Teddington Station, where it arrived at eleven o'clock. The royal party then drove to Claremont, the residence of the ex-royal family of France, for the purpose of visiting the aged Queen Marie Amelia.

PURSUED BY INDIANS.—The Kansas correspondent of the New York Times gives an account of the retreat of an expedition sent a few weeks ago against the Indians, but suddenly encountered by superior numbers:—"As soon as our party about-faced to return, we had a lively and most exciting exhibition of their peculiar tactics. Yelling, they circled nearly around us, at a distance of from fifty to 200 yards, each warrior riding at the top of his pony's speed, circling to the left, always firing, and falling back to re-load. The circle immediately near to us had about 200 warriors in it, and about 300 more reinforced them as need might be, while from the west, hundreds of others, mounted or on foot, could be seen either hastening to the fight or looking on as spectators. Our force consisted of about sixty men. We occupied the outer, falling back slowly, there or front platoon, as the needs might, facing about, or right or left, and by well directed volleys checking the yelling devil's furious ride and attack. Many of them must have been killed and wounded, as we could see them fall, be put on ponies again, and carried to the rear. The scene was exciting beyond description. The writer has seen battles and skirmishes innumerable, participating in some bushwackers and regular forces, but of all the wild and furious scenes in warfare he has yet witnessed, that of this Indian fight was the most furious and exciting. The wild uncouth figures, the fierce yells, the rapid firing, and still more rapid riding, with the superb horsemanship displayed by these red Cosacks, made a rushing panorama picture which memory will not soon lose. These Cheyennes are no mean warriors. They are not to be despised—certainly not by a force as small as the one engaged on our side. We retreated in good order for two or three miles, when the report was circulated that ammunition was growing scarce. The order to counter-march became in danger of being a rout. By the strenuous exertions of the officers the men were restrained till the main command appeared in sight, on the south side of the stream. Our difficulty was to get across. The banks were narrow and abrupt. The Indians knew our object, and strenuously endeavoured to prevent it. At every ravine they sought to cut us off, and when we made a stand they set fire to the prairie, so as to smoke us out. One of the Indians made himself conspicuous by his dashing courage and daring horsemanship. Many of the men made especial attempts to shoot him, but seemingly he bore a charmed life. It made no difference, to all appearance, what part of the horse he rode on. The fabled centaur could not have been so completely identified with his animal as these Indians are with theirs. In riding the circle all of their body visible was one arm and leg where they hung on the off side. Under the neck, belly, between the legs, it seemed to make no difference whether they fired. I know that the balls or arrows came most unpleasantly close. Riding without saddle or bridle, lariet loose and trailing on the ground, guiding the ponies by voice and limb, if one was dismounted all he had to do was to grasp the trailing lariet and be remounted quicker than it takes to tell the mode."

A VETERAN.—Last night a representative of a bygone age of the time when England was indeed defended by "her wooden walls," appeared at No. 1 Police-station. An old man called at the station and asked for a night's lodging, and on being questioned he told his history in a few words, of which the following is the substance:—"His name is John Taylor, and he is a native of Kent, England. He was born in the year 1770, and is consequently ninety-four years of age. At an early age he entered the British navy, just at the time when Nelson was at the height of his glory, and the English sailors were sweeping the seas of their country's enemies. He served on board the 74-gun ship *Northumberland*, under Admiral Cockburn, and after passing through several engagements, he finally had the honour—and a glorious honour he esteems it—of taking part in the great naval conflict in Trafalgar Bay, which conclusively proved England's supremacy on the sea, though the great admiral of the day and of the age there fell. The old sailor loves to talk of those old days and glorious deeds, and even yet does not forget his hatred of the French. He was wounded at Trafalgar, and as he shows the wound and talks of "noble old Nelson," of his shipmates, and of his battles, the tears run down his withered cheeks, and he says he soon will be with his "great admiral" and with those who with him kept the French invader from England's shores some seventy years ago. He has one son in the American army, and three daughters living in the United States, though he does not know in what part, and therefore the poor old man is without friends. He carries on his person papers that prove the correctness of his story, and amongst them is one from the Admiralty office regarding a pension for him. Another interesting feature about him is that he is a relation of Tom Sawyer, the pugilist, whom he admires for his skill and pluck, and calls him a "sawyer little boy." It is a great pity to see a poor old man like this wandering homeless and houseless over the land, without a friend to aid or assist him. He will soon, as he himself expresses it, "be with his dear old Nelson," sure, then, in his last days, some friendly hand should assist him.—*Toronto Globe, Oct. 22.*

FOR TROUSERS.—The dolorous, Peacock's Neuritis, and all nervous affections, use Dr. J. B. Jones's Tonic and the Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, by post, fourteen stamps, Kendall, Manchester, Clapham-road.—[Ad.]

ROYALTY IN TROUBLE.

THERE was in 1858 a person named Antoine de Tonnens practising as an attorney, or *avocat*, in the town of Perigueux, and one fine day he disposed of his business to a brother lawyer and embarked for South America with a view of establishing a colony in Araucania. He found, he says, the Araucanians without a ruler, without a government, without organization, and perpetually menaced by the Chilians. He made the acquaintance of a cacique who had influence in the country, and through him offered to his countrymen to enlighten them on their rights, and to give them an organization and a government. The Araucanians accepted his offer, and named him their King. The Patagonians, jealous of the good fortune of their neighbours, also offered the crown to M. de Tonnens, who accepted it, so that he was sovereign of both nations, by the style and title of Orilio Antoine I. Before his Government had time to take much root in the country Orilio Antoine I. was dethroned. He was attacked by the Chilians, made prisoner, and condemned to death, from which he was with some difficulty rescued by the French authorities. He was put on board ship and conveyed to Brest, where he landed about a year ago. Soon after his arrival in Paris he issued a manifesto to the following effect:—

"Kingdom of Araucania and Patagonia. Creation of a factory in South America, with a capital of 100,000,000!—We, Orilio Antoine I, by the grace of God and the national will, King of Araucania and Patagonia, considering, as we have shown in our divers publications, the immense advantage to France of introducing her language in the south of the American continent, as a counterpoise to the influence of the three great Powers already established there—namely, England, Spain, and Portugal,—and in order to give the French commerce important markets for its products, we propose, &c."

This manifesto, which invited people to subscribe in favour of the French idea, remained without effect; not a centime was forthcoming, and the office in the Rue Vivienne had to be shut up. The civil list of Araucania and Patagonia not being available, and the Parisians declining to give money for the restoration of their sovereign, he was reduced to considerable straits. He had been for some months living at an hotel in Paris; had run up a bill which he was unable to pay, and the consequence was that his Araucanian Majesty appeared on Saturday last in the Correctional Police Court on a charge of swindling, which was set forth in the following terms by the presiding judge:—

"In December last you alighted at one of the best hotels in Paris. You engaged an apartment at 150f (£7) a month. You intimated your intention of boarding at the hotel, which is easily understood, for you could not well board elsewhere. You were without resources, but you had, we are told, an excellent appetite. Your tastes were of a very refined nature. You required the most sumptuous fare, and when the dishes were not sufficiently delicate you rejected them. When persons are in such penury as you were they should be much more modest, even though they may have been Kings of Araucania and Patagonia. You lived in this way during four months. Now, for a man who perhaps had worn a crown, but who had not a farthing in his pocket, this was not over-delicat conduct. One day you disappeared from your hotel; you went I don't know where, to your family to solicit aid. You returned to your hotel, and then you spoke of resources which would enable you to pay your debt, resources to be derived from an enterprise you were about to engage in—factories in Araucania and Patagonia. You opened offices in Paris in a little corner of the Rue Vivienne. You printed statutes of a company, with 100 millions of francs capital. Your attempt did not succeed; you did not get a sou. You were asked how you meant to pay your hotel expenses, and you said you should do so when you formed your company. How, without having a single subscriber, could you pay? Did you mean to pay your personal expenses with the money of your shareholders? In fact, you have not been able to pay. I pass over certain matters which in a moral point of view might have their weight. You are reproached with certain manoeuvres in order to throw dust in the eyes of the persons who fed and lodged you for four months; and supposing that at first you were only imprudent, still there must have come a moment when you could have no further illusion as to your resources. What answer can you make?"

A long examination followed, in which the accused tried to defend himself as best he could. He had hopes of forming his company; he had hopes of getting back his crown; he had no intention of swindling anybody; he had given the landlady of the hotel an acknowledgment of his debt, which he meant and which he tried to pay; but all his exertions to raise money failed. Witnesses were called, who deposed that he had been for some time King of Araucania, and that he had been taken prisoner by the Chilians and sentenced to be shot, and that he was saved by the French authorities. Moreover, it was proved by a letter from the Procureur at Perigueux that during the time he practised there as a lawyer he had borne an excellent character for probity. The Procureur moreover added that he did not believe him capable of swindling anybody, but that his pretended royalty of Araucania had completely upset his ideas and made him indulge the most preposterous projects, and that he was affected with a monomania which had completely absorbed his intellect.

The judgment of the court was to this effect:—

"Whereas by assuming the title of Prince and King of Araucania the accused may have acted under the influence of chimerical thoughts and facts, but which, perhaps, to him seemed true; that, consequently, the character of swindling not appearing in the case, it decided that there was good reason to pronounce his acquittal."

He was accordingly set at liberty. What measures he means to adopt towards his restoration to the throne of Araucania no one can tell. Meantime, it is well it should be known that the Araucanians and Patagonians are without a sovereign, and without a constitution, and would probably accept the first candidate that may present himself.

A SCOTCH LADY APPOINTED GOVERNESS OF THE YOUNG PRINCE OF SPAIN.—It will interest our Scotch friends (says the *Court Journal*) to learn that the safe conduct of the education of the heir to the Spanish throne has been hitherto entrusted to a Scotch lady, Madame Calderon de la Barca. Her husband was the first Spanish minister ever sent to the great revolted colony of Mexico, and a man of rare worth and intelligence, himself an author of the highest order as a poet, and afterwards Prime Minister in Spain. He was the first Spanish minister at Washington, U.S., where he married Miss Fanny Inglis, daughter of Wm. Inglis, Esq., of Edinburgh, the friend and intimate of Charles Fox, the late Lord Palmerston, and all the Whig party. The late Lady Duff, mother of Lord Fife, was her aunt, and she has been preceptor to the royal children of Spain for some years. If the Prince of the Asturias has had the benefit of her instructions, he will indeed be one of the best educated children in Europe. Madame Calderon has published both in French and German, and her "Mexico" is greatly esteemed as an amusing as well as a standard work on that country.

THE OLDEST SOVEREIGN OF EUROPE.—Prince Frederick Gunther de Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt celebrated, on the 6th instant, as announced, the fiftieth anniversary of his accession to the throne. As there were no political prisoners in the principality, the Prince granted an amnesty to all persons convicted of infringing the police regulations and forest laws. Prince Gunther is the oldest of European sovereigns, having assumed the reins of government in November, 1814.

